


St. Gaudens Augustus - Misc.

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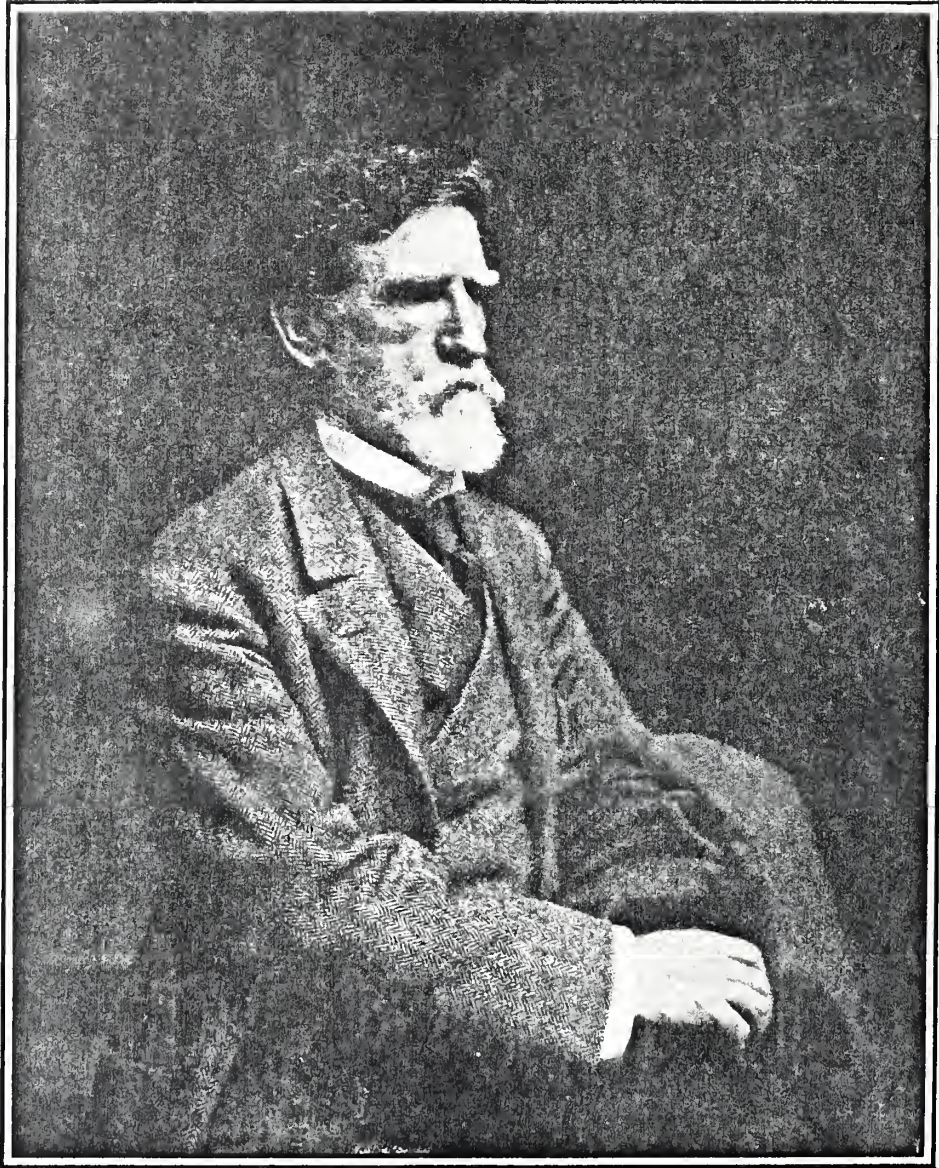
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Augustus Saint-Gaudens
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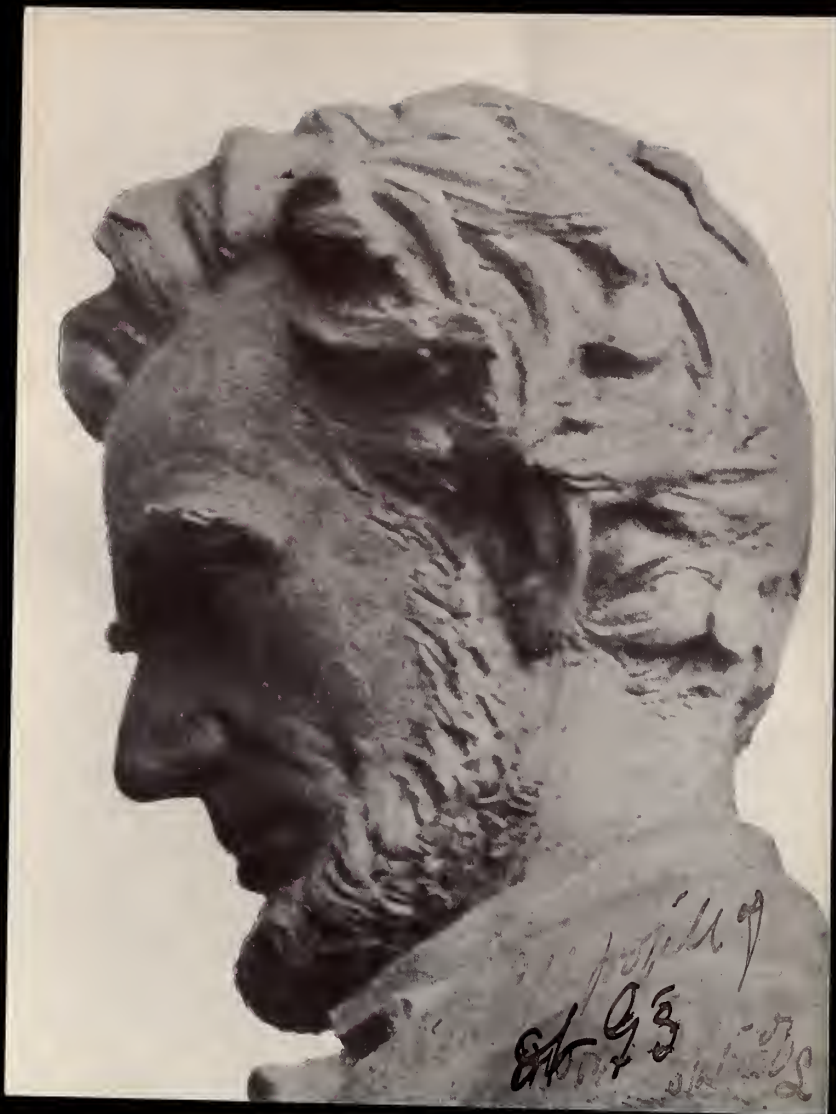
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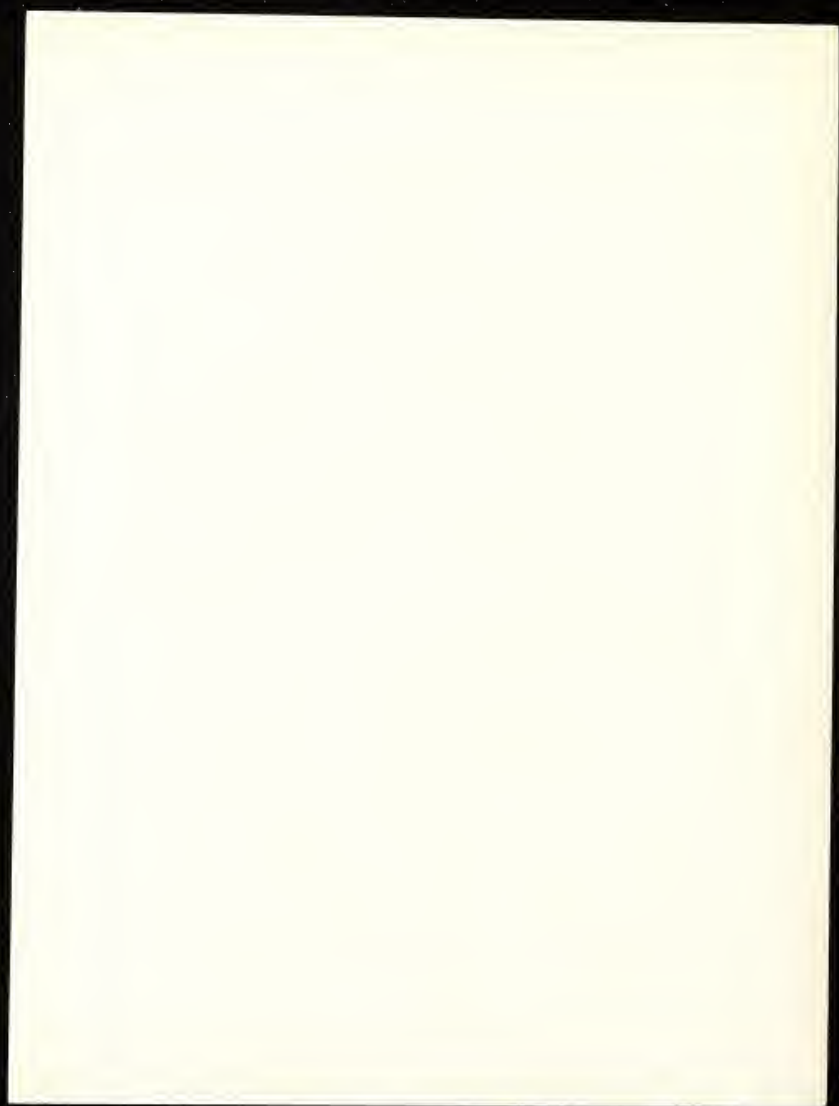
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AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS





has no plot. The gentleman simply took the lady for a ride in a motor-car. But in front of her own house Miss McNab said, "You dear, dear boy!" for Mr. Vaughan Morgan had also been talking. "And, however you accomplish it, don't ever let father find out we crossed those bridges. Go down to every newspaper now and stop it however you like, but stop it; and then change and come back

and talk to me. I'm not going to Lady Sanderson's to-night."

Forty minutes later, Mr. Vaughan Morgan, pale with hunger, handed the twenty Brunel in at the garage.

"I say, Beckley," he said, "you might wash her down a bit, will you?" In thirty-five minutes more, freshly clothed and newly fed, he was climbing upper Peel Street on foot.



THE STUDENT SAINT-GAUDENS

THE REMINISCENCES OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

EDITED BY HIS SON HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

ARRIVAL IN PARIS—THE SCHOOL IN THE RUE DE L'ECOLE DE MÉDECINE—MOVING FROM PLACE TO PLACE—ENTRANCE INTO THE BEAUX ARTS—JOUFFROY—MEETING WITH GARNIER—TRIPS IN THE COUNTRY—A WALK THROUGH SWITZERLAND—THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR—THE TRIP TO ROME—THE FASCINATION OF ROME—A STUDIO WITH SOARES DOS REIS

"FATHER paid for my passage abroad and gave me one hundred dollars which he had saved out of my wages. I got from Liverpool to Paris somehow or other; I can recall nothing but the cursed misery of crossing the channel from Folkestone to Dieppe. The arrival in Paris, however, was extraordinarily impressive. I walked with my heavy carpet-bag from the Gare du Havre down to the Place de la Concorde, where I stood bewildered with the lights of that square and of the Avenue des Champs-Élysées bursting upon me. Then between the glory of it all and the terrible weight of the bag, which increased as I made my way up the interminable Avenue des Champs-Élysées to the Arc de Triomphe, I arrived in a mixed state of collapse and enthusiasm where my uncle François Saint-Gaudens lived on the Avenue de la Grande-Armée. There I was welcomed with thoroughgoing French emotion for the strange 'Cousin d'Amerique' by my uncle, a nervous man

who had been a great gymnast in his youth, and by his two daughters Pauline and Clorinda. François was what the French call an 'entrepreneur de démolition,' with his affairs in an ugly condition, as they had never recovered from some bad contracts for the demolition of public buildings."

My father must have been confused. Another brother, Bertrand Saint-Gaudens, was the contractor. He had one daughter, Fanny, and three sons, Julius, Isidore, and Leopold. François Saint-Gaudens, a member of the Bonapartist faction, entered the army. It was he who was the father of Pauline and Clorinda, both of whom married into the Maritz family. Apparently my father first went to the house of François and later stayed with Bertrand.

The reminiscences continue:

"During a greater part of the time thereafter I saw my relatives only occasionally, as I left my poor uncle, who was in bad straits, when my hundred dollars

had gone through his fingers. Also, I became thoroughly engrossed in my work, and they were far off. Now and then, however, I visited one of these cousins, who had married a wealthy iron-master and lived at a place called Lieusaint, a short distance from the scene of the robbery of the Lyons Mail, which has been dramatized with tremendous success in French, and translated and acted, as we all know, in a wonderful way by Sir Henry Irving. These trips to the country, however, bored me beyond measure, and in consequence were few, although with this cousin I had perhaps more in common than with any other member of the family. Her husband, M. Maritz, came from Strasburg, being a nephew of a general in the engineer corps in the French army who married the other sister.

"In a day or two I went about in search of employment at cameo-cutting and of admission to the School of Fine Arts. The cameo-cutting I obtained at once from an Italian, Lupi, who lived in the Rue des Trois Frères in the picturesque quarter near the top of Montmartre. But my entrance into the Beaux Arts I found a more formidable business. After much running around, I saw at last M. Gillaume, the director of the School of Fine Arts, who, to my thinking, received me with unusual affability for so wonderful a man. I recall his smile as I told him that I expected to learn sculpture during the nine months I purposed to remain in Paris, the limit to which I had expected my fortune of one hundred dollars would extend. From him I gathered that I could enter only through the formal application of the American minister. I thereupon called on Mr. Washburne, then occupying that post. He also seemed kind, smiled as I related my little story, and said that I would be informed when the application had been accepted. This notification I received exactly nine months after handing it in. Fortunately, in the meantime I earned a good living by cutting cameos; and I entered a smaller school, but an excellent one, in the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, and began my Parisian studies, probably in March or April, 1867. Here I made my first figures from the nude and laid an excellent foundation for the future.

"The work in the little 'Ecole de

Médecine,' as they called it, was enlivened by many amusing incidents, the result of the radical difference in the characters of the two professors who came to teach, one on Wednesdays and the other on Saturdays. We studied in a little, stuffy, overcrowded, absolutely unventilated theater, with two rows of students, perhaps twenty-five in each row, seated in a semi-circle around the model against the wall. Behind those who drew were about fifteen sculptors; and I look back with admiration upon the powers of youth to live, work, and be joyful in an atmosphere that must have been almost asphyxiating.

"Jacquot, a short, loud-spoken, good-natured professor, came on Wednesdays. He was entirely democratic, saying the most amusing things to the pupils; and in his exuberant conversation he let drops of saliva fly from his mouth into his listener's face. Although merry and good-hearted, he was a terror from the fact that he indicated our errors with very thick charcoal; and to those of us who had learned to work rather delicately and firmly, his marks were bearable only because of the jollity with which he made them. While he taught, the boys raised as much noise as the uniformed and ill-natured 'gardien' at the doorway would permit.

"On Saturdays Laemelin, a man of a totally different type, criticized. When he appeared, the class remained silent. He was austere, taking the greatest care to apply his suggestions with light touches, always certain and correct. Jacquot talked with a strange kind of mixed-up lisp, as if he had a marble in his mouth, whereas Laemelin spoke with a deliberate nasal tone. Jacquot maintained that you must draw freely and with no fear of the paper, while Laemelin's advice was to the effect that you should draw lightly, carefully, and firmly, and not with sloppiness as do those who pretend to work with vigor. The result on the boys of this weekly divergence of views can be imagined.

"One Saturday evening Laemelin came as usual and began criticizing in his peaceful way. He was half around the lower tier, and the customary quiet prevailed in his presence, when a noise was heard in the corridor and, to our surprise and delight, Jacquot tumbled in, sat down, and proceeded to correct the boys who had already been corrected by Laemelin.

Thoroughly absorbed in what he was doing, Laemelin did not observe Jacquot's entrance and became aware that something unusual was going on only by the uproar Jacquot made and by the undertone of confusion the students slyly added.

"'Well, well, my boy, let us shee. Let us shee,' said Jacquot, the particles of saliva being shot over the drawings. 'Let us shee, um-m-m. Well, your head 's too big, too big. Your legsh are too short.' Then *bang! bang!* would come the black marks over the drawing. 'There you are! Fixsh that, my boy! Fixsh that!'

"Laemelin by this time had raised his head and, looking over his spectacles in the direction of the noise, had uttered a long 'Sh-h-h!' Jacquot, making his own disturbance, did not hear Laemelin. And neither saw the other in their deep absorption. The second time Laemelin added to his 'Sh-h-h!' a 'What is the trouble? Are you ever going to stop that noise over there?'

"'What 'sh that? What 'sh that?' spat Jacquot. 'What 'sh the matter, anyway?'

"Laemelin, not recognizing Jacquot, continued: 'You 're making an awful lot of noise over there; behave yourself!'

"Jacquot looked up. 'What 'sh that? What 'sh that? Why, ish that you, Laemelin? Hello! Why, what day ish this?'

"'To-day is Saturday,' drawled Laemelin, slowly and emphatically.

"'Mon Dieu! Ish that so! I thought it wash Wednesday. Is n't that funny? Thunder! is n't that funny!' roared Jacquot.

"By this time he was so amused at the incident that his voice had become a shout. The pupils naturally joined in until the disturbance reached such a pitch that the 'gardien' ejected a number into the night. Finally Jacquot left in a storm of sputtering and hilarity, and the theater resumed its serenity.

"Each artist tends to make his drawings of a nude resemble his own figure; and our friend Jacquot was twisted, distorted, and gnarled in every member of his body, but vigorously, like a great root. In especial he must have had the most remarkably knotty thighs. For though I have spoken of the energy of his corrections, I could not attempt to describe his particularly persistent one that the thighs of the drawings of the pupils were never big

enough. To overcome this, one day I made the thighs on my study enormously large.

"'Very good, very good, very good, my boy,' he said in his criticism, turning around to look at me. He slowly surveyed the model over his spectacles. 'But perhapsh I would add just a little bit on the thighs, eh?' Then his merciless marks!

"I repeated this at his next visit, drawing my thighs in still more exaggeration. He was high and loud and unusually sputtering in his praise at this, and, after some minor remarks, was for getting up, when I said:

"'M. Jacquot, do you think that I have the thighs big enough?'

"'Yesh. Yesh.' Then he hesitated and looked at the model. 'Sthill, perhaps I would add justh a shade, justh a shade, more.' And again came his inevitable marks.

"Finally on the third occasion, when I had the thighs resembling balloons, he repeated the enthusiastic approval of the previous visit, and I impertinently repeated my question as to their size. He surveyed the drawing, and then, evidently recollecting what had passed before, although it had been spread over three weeks, turned to me with a strange look in his wide-spread, crooked, china eyes and said:

"'It sheems to me you are trying to make a fool of me.'

"All this, of course, added to the delight of the surrounding scamps, for he delivered his remark in such a way that it was I who found myself in the position of the fool.

"I have stated his name as Jacquot. I am not certain of that. It might have been Durant or Martin. But if it was not Jacquot, it ought to have been, and in calling him that I give the truer impression. It certainly describes his personality better than do the other names.

"In these surroundings, then, I prospered until at last I was awarded the first prize and subsequently, with a lot of other successful youths, received, with the medal, a crown of laurel, presented by a M. de Nieuquerque, a large man, probably Master of Fine Arts, who was much in favor at the Tuileries.

"To return to my home life, when I left my uncle's house I went first to a room adjoining Lupi's, at Montmartre,



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LOUIS SAINT-GAUDENS

From a drawing by his brother, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, made in 1866, just before the latter's departure for Europe.

attending the modeling school in the mornings and nights, and supporting myself on what I earned by the cameos I cut in the afternoon. But I worked so much at the school and so little at the cameos that I became miserably poor, barely earning enough for my living."

This was consistently true not only then, but through all my father's student days abroad. And the struggle of that period so branded itself upon his memory that during his later life he constantly made remarks that showed he was thinking of what he had suffered. For instance,

on two occasions he wrote me, probably in this strain of reminiscence:

"I was struck with what Whistler said to Shiff the other night. 'I never complain.'"

And again:

"Make the best of it. There is interest in everything and everybody."

Later he wrote to Mr. Abbott Thayer about the painter's letter of praise for the Sherman statue:

"I am putting it away as one of my treasures for our children to read when we will be memories of 'fellers who tried their damndest.'"

At another time he sent to Mr. Barry Faulkner the following encouragement of his decorative talent:

"You are particularly gifted in that way and although it may not be remunerative now, I think you should not look at that as long as you can pay for a cracker and a cup of coffee."

But to continue the reminiscences:

"So I moved from place to place, to cheaper and cheaper lodgings. First, as the journey to Montmartre four times a day—ten miles in all—was very fatiguing, I took a room in the Rue Jacob, in the Latin Quarter, quite near the school. Then from the Latin Quarter I went to some distant street in the Vaugirard Quarter, where I stayed with the son of an old shoemaking friend of my father's. After that I lived elsewhere, I have forgotten on what street, in the same quarter. From the Vaugirard Quarter I moved to Truman Bartlett's studio near the Arc de Triomphe, sleeping on a mattress on the floor. What stands out in my memory of this time is the reading of Plutarch's Lives, as I walked each morning down the Champs-Élysées from the Arc de Triomphe to the School of Fine Arts. What he writes of Germanicus and of the beauty of his character caused me to make a great resolve to be the most lovable man that ever was. Next, with an old-time Cooper Union chum, I took my belongings over to the very dirty though interesting St. Jacques Quarter. But this place was drenched with the odor from the manufacture of perfume downstairs. Accordingly, in process of time, I with my friend Herzog occupied two small bedrooms in the attic of a fine apartment-house opposite the College of France.

"While I am on the subject of this house, I must tell of the moving there from the St. Jacques Quarter. This removal we made by hiring a hand-cart for five cents an hour, in which we stowed Herzog's and my possessions. Our treasures consisted of two cot-beds, two pitchers, two basins, a lot of books and a modeling-stand, besides some clothes and bedding. But limited as they were, they piled up more than the cart could conveniently carry. So, when we dragged it through the streets with the aid of another friend, we lost a good quarter of them, in spite of the fact that one of us ran behind to gather the dribblets that were dropped along the road. The reason that this part of the transportation was not very successful was that, in order to conceal the Spartan simplicity of our household, we foxily undertook our moving in the night. And for the same reason,—our feelings of shame at the forlorn character of our belongings,—notwithstanding the gloom, we slunk past the concierge and carried the things to the top floor.

"Here, in addition to our other troubles, I attempted to give a sleeping-place to an enthusiastic friend. He was a young Englishman of French origin, the son of a wealthy shoe-dealer. He had run away from home because his father wished him to declare himself a French citizen and to submit to the French conscription. First, though my cot measured about two and a half feet across, we attempted to sleep together on it. So as not to spill over the sides, we had to stick to one another as tight as two spoons; and to save space, he lay with his head on my arm. In the middle of the night we turned over and I put my head on his arm. This left us the next morning in a condition which forbade repetition. I then put the mattress on the floor for him, while I slept on the canvas bottom of the bed. But I suffered so with cold coming from below, notwithstanding the fact that I dragged all my clothes over me from the rack at my feet, that the arrangement had to be abandoned.

"To go back to my studies, at the end of nine months of the Petite Ecole, I felt much impressed by the receipt of a large envelop with the United States seal on it, notifying me of my admission to the Beaux Arts. This was a great joy. My first step then was to obtain the authorization

from the master whose atelier I wished to enter. I followed the advice of a boy, Dammouse,—since one of the leading ceramists of France, a man of exquisite taste,—whose friendship I had made in the little Ecole de Médecine, and selected Jouffroy because Dammouse had a friend with that master.

"At that time Jouffroy's atelier was the triumphant one of the Beaux Arts, his class, as a rule, capturing most of the prizes. From there Barrias received his Prize of Rome three years before I arrived, Falguière two years before and Mercié the year after. Mercié entered the atelier at the same time I did, and his money and mine were united in one grand spree. There is a story to the effect that, as a result of this spree, in returning home he entered some other person's apartment, and finding the canary's little water-pot empty, filled it with kerosene.

"To Jouffroy, therefore, I brought my drawings. In two days I was admitted, and immediately plunged into work, being the only American in the class, though Olin Warner followed me some six months later. It subsequently became the atelier where most of the Americans studied, under the teachings of Falguière after the death of Jouffroy, and under Mercié after the death of Falguière. I was by no means a brilliant pupil, though the steadiness of Jouffroy's compliments consoled me for my inevitable failures in direct competition. These failures did not for a moment, however, discourage me or create any doubts in my mind as to my infinite superiority. Doubts, however, have come later in life, and in such full measure that my youthful presumption and vanity have been abundantly atoned for."

The "steadiness of Jouffroy's compliments" was probably due to the steadiness of his pupil's work. For instance, to the end of his days my father never had any patience with the superior young man or woman who in modeling thought it beneath him or her to take laborious measurements. For my father insisted that after the pupil had done all of this he possibly could, there still remained more than enough to occupy him.

The reminiscences continue:

"Jouffroy was tall, thin, dark, wiry, with little, intelligent black eyes and a queer face in profile, his forehead and nose

descending in a straight line from the roots of his hair to within an inch of the end of the nose, which suddenly burst out round and red. The ball was discreet in size: it would have been in bad taste had it been larger. He also had stringy hair and a nasal voice. He made his criticisms in a low, drawling tone, nine tenths of the time in a perfunctory way, looking in an entirely different direction from the model and from the study. Occasionally he worked on the figures in a strange fashion, his right hand pawing the clay, while in his left he held a little wad of bread which he constantly rolled. He was much in vogue at the Tuileries at that time, although he had achieved his distinction some ten or fifteen years before my arrival by one of the masterpieces of French sculpture,—and that is saying a good deal,—called 'The Secret of Venus.' It is the figure of a young girl standing on tiptoe, whispering into the ear of a Hermes. This remarkably beautiful nude he modeled in the classical direction then prevailing, but with such distinction, reserve, and personality that the affectation added to its charm instead of detracting therefrom. I know nothing of his other sculpture except the large decorative groups on each side of the arches at the entrance of the Place du Carrousel, as approached from the River Seine, and one of the four groups in front of the Grand Opera. They are neither one thing nor the other.

"I have spoken of my own presumption and vanity at this period. But the incident I am going to relate shows that there were other idiots with like characteristics in the school. Lectures in anatomy were given in the amphitheater over bodies dissected in the presence of the students; and at times some of the lecturers were men of the highest distinction in the medical profession. On the day in question, the aged doctor, during his discourse where he was showing the general similarity in the construction of the bones, muscles, and brain of the orang-utan and man, stated that, so far as he could see, the only, but important, point that distinguished man from the animal was that man had the idea of God. Thereupon the advanced young thinkers, the liberals, and prospective great artists, hissed, stamped their feet, and otherwise showed violent dissension and scorn for so retrograde an assertion.

They at least were not so conservative, or stupid, as to believe in any stuff about God, and all that rot. I was greatly surprised by this, all the more so in that usually the youth of France shows a marked respect for age and achievement of learning,—I have always felt that the lack of that attitude was to the detriment of us Americans,—whereas they seemed to admire a fool, the doctor's assistant, a tall, dark Southerner with very long hair, mustaches, and beard, whose duty it was to prepare the bodies for the professor, and who affected to eat, munching pieces of bread for his lunch while handling the bodies and slamming them around on the dissecting-table. And so it goes.

"For a strange reason I was exempt from the general hazing which sometimes was quite rough in those ateliers."

That is, my father was nearly exempt, but not quite; as he often told the story of how when he was a "nouveau" the older students gave him a parcel to be carried to the other end of Paris. After crossing the city, he found that no such house as the one described stood in the street named, and that the parcel contained a brick. My father continues:

"New-comers were required to contribute about twenty francs for a spree to celebrate their arrival. The money was spent, of course, on wine, resulting in the rather hilarious happiness of the participants. In the midst of it, upon my initiation, I was asked to sing, and created a furor of enthusiasm by giving the 'Marseillaise' in English. This they made me repeat again and again, encouraging me by praise of my voice, which in my idiotic vanity I imagined to be as beautiful as they said. I proved an easy victim. The following day they told me that the noise and uproar, which rarely ceased in the atelier, would stop the moment the 'massier,' the president and treasurer of the class, entered the studio, because he was a person of importance and had to be treated with respect. That, of course, was all nonsense, as he was simply one of the pupils, a little older than the rest. But on his arrival there fell a hush, and presently certain of the boys came over to me like a deputation, saying that the massier wished me to sing the 'Marseillaise' in English. I refused with becoming modesty and much fright. They retired with my message,

but soon came back to me with another from him, insisting on the song, as he had heard that I had 'a wonderful voice.' I again refused. And the third time they explained that the order was imperative and that if I did not obey I would regret it. I immediately began, and bawled away at the top of my lungs, to hysterical applause. They kept this up every day for so long a time before I realized that they were making fun of me that I am ashamed to recall it. And that was why I was not made to undress, or to be painted nude, or to undergo any of the numerous ignominies that the poor beginner frequently endures. I was finally admitted to full membership and teased no more, becoming one of the most boisterous, if not one of the most malicious."

Yet that condition never seemed to deter my father's earnestness of purpose, for his old friend M. Alfred Garnier writes of him:

"In Jouffroy's class, when Augustus became a senior, he was one of the most turbulent of the lot, singing and whistling to split your ears. All of which did not hinder him from working with his whole soul and thinking of the future."

And later my father wrote to my mother:

"While I was at the Beaux Arts it was hell generally, all the time, right around the fellers, yelling, fighting, singing, throwing things; and yet the three or four really serious men kept right on, regardless. That was the case with me."

To return to the reminiscences:

"While I was at Jouffroy's I formed three of my greatest friendships. One for Alfred Garnier, another for Paul Bion, a long, thin, intellectual young fellow who had been brought up piously, and who had been most shamefully hazed on entering the school. He possessed a nobility of character unusual in such surroundings. Perhaps I was a shade less brutal than the others, and for that reason we became friends. Our care for each other continued without break or quarrel to the day of his death, thirty years afterward. The third companion I made was a Portuguese, Soares dos Reis. He, too, was long, dark, and thin, of an effeminate nature, inclined to melancholy, the kindest man in the world. He committed suicide in Portugal some fifteen years later, through mari-



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STUDIES OF GREEK COSTUME

From Augustus Saint-Gaudens's student sketch-book.

tal troubles. He had an exquisite talent, and I shall speak more of him later on.

"Although this was certainly a very important part of my existence, when I come to it I do not seem to be able to recall incidents as I did of an earlier period, nor do I remember appreciating seriously any of the things that ought to be appreciated. My life in the atelier was the regular life of a student, with most of its enthusiasms

and disheartenings. But my ambition was of such a soaring nature, and I was so tremendously austere, that I had the deepest scorn for the ordinary amusements of the light operas, balls, and what not; and I felt a Spartan-like superiority in my disdain for the famous *Schneider* in Offenbach's productions which had a tremendous success at that time. I have since entirely changed my point of view, and

regret nothing more than that I missed the plays which have become classic, and which were done in a way that probably will not be repeated.

"On the other hand, my profundity allowed me to go to the Sunday Classical Concerts at the Cirque d'Hiver on the Boulevard, which I attended with great regularity. There are seven or eight such concerts now, I am told; whereas at that time there was but one, the leader of which was M. Pasdeloup. I heard all his good music, and was a witness during all the Sunday battles when he attempted to introduce Wagner to the French audiences, a large part of whom came with the deliberate intention of suppressing and howling down the 'Flying Dutchman,' one of the principal pieces on the program. In France, the whistle is the sign of derogation and disapproval, and the spectators brought numbers of them. As soon as the leader raised his arm for the first bars of the music, the storm began. It was so great that it was impossible to hear the musicians. We could see the fiddlers fiddling away at a tremendous rate and evidently making a lot of noise; but, in the overpowering uproar of the audience, it seemed like a dumb show. At last Pasdeloup gave it up. Then he began again. The uproar was repeated. So the second time he turned to the audience,—he was a short, chubby man,—and said that this piece was on the program, that those who did not wish to hear it had not been forced to come and could have remained away if it was distasteful, that therefore he was going to play it right through, regardless of any antagonistic demonstration, and that if they did not wish to hear it, they had better go out now. He began again, and the uproar and the dumb show were repeated. Now the friends of Wagner added to the tumult by constant applause. Little by little the anti-Wagnerites gave way, and the last half was heard in comparative order.

"At this time I was active beyond measure. After drawing-school at night I went to a gymnasium, where I exercised more violently than the others, and where I took colder douches. Also I constantly visited the swimming-baths, where I remained longer than my friends."

M. Alfred Garnier writes in French to my uncle, Mr. Louis Saint-Gaudens, of

his meeting with my father and of his life during these years. I translate and abbreviate:

"... A few days afterward, on going in the evening to a little gymnasium which I frequented in a street near the Panthéon, I saw a young man who, for some reason or other, seemed to me to be the American in question. What was it attracted me to him? Was it his face? Was it his eyes, so frank, so candid? Yes, perhaps it was his eyes. But I speak, of course, of his eyes of twenty years. You do not remember them as I do; since a few years later they had entirely changed. Yet then he felt that the uncertainty of the morrow had vanished, that he was going to be able to earn his living easily, that his growing talent had begun to be known. His tranquillity replaced his cheerfulness. As fast as the one came the other went away.

"The next day, Sunday morning, I went for a walk before lunch in spite of rainy and foggy weather. Many persons were then in the habit of going, out of curiosity, to look at the show windows of D'Angleterre, a celebrated picture-dealer of the time, who lived at the corner of the Rue de Seine and another little street which entered it, forming a sharp angle. So after having turned into this quarter, very much changed since then, I naturally strolled toward D'Angleterre's. There I saw my American. I went up to him and spoke, perhaps with a little impertinence. However, to all of my advances he answered only indifferently, making me feel that I would do him a very sensible pleasure if I left him alone. But notwithstanding his unwillingness I stuck by him when he left the show windows without saying either good-day or good-night, and, to my own surprise, under the rain which fell heavily, walked along with him and continued a one-sided conversation. In such a manner we went around all the little streets of that region, he, no doubt, wishing to have me leave him, until at last he arrived in the Rue Jacob and, coming before a house, saluted me coolly, saying that he was now home, and disappeared.

"But the following gymnasium evening I met him again, and we wrestled with each other under the direction of Regamey, who was a good wrestler. Then, after we had plentifully rolled each



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COMPOSITION

From Augustus Saint-Gaudens's student sketch-book.

other around, and after we had thrown each other a dozen times,—you can imagine how we looked with that black sawdust glued by sweat to our faces and bodies,—the ice was broken.

"From now on I often went to see him in his room, where he engraved cameos; for though in the mornings he came to the school, his afternoons had to be consecrated to earning his living. At this period Augustus was the gayest of young men, though that did not prevent his undertone of seriousness and reflection. I remember how much he was moved when he received a few dollars which his parents sent to him. He thought probably of the privations which he imposed on them for the sake of his success; and he used to ask himself if the time would come when he would be able to help them in his turn.

"For amusement we often swam in the baths of the Louvre. When one of us suggested that, we always added, 'Are n't you coming, Saint-Gaudens?' for we knew this to be his weakness. He went there purposely in the morning at five o'clock in order not to interrupt his work. But often somebody would be able to lead him astray again during the day. I always accompanied him. He swam well and

with unusual enjoyment. You should have seen him dive from the top of the steps, disappear, and reappear. It was intoxication for him."

To return to the reminiscences:

"Now also I began to make trips into the country with Dammouse and Garnier. But as I recall them, rather than a wild love of nature, these were the unconscious expenditure of superabundant energy wherein the number of kilometers covered furnished the principal pleasure. Two excursions, however, stand out conspicuously. One was a walk from Paris to St. Valery, and from there along the coast to Dieppe and back in the cars. Here was recalled that sense of delight at seeing hill beyond hill that came to me on Staten Island."

M. Garnier writes of this trip:

"Several times we took long walks with Dammouse of twelve or fifteen leagues a day. Once in especial we went from Paris by railroad as far as Mantes and from there, each of us with a knapsack, we passed through Rouen afoot as far as St. Valery-en-Caux. Five minutes after we reached the sea-shore we were in the water in spite of the heavy waves; for as soon as he saw the water Augustus had to en-

ter, and I had to follow, thinking that the sea was always heavy like that. Soon we heard persons yelling at us, because the day before a young man had been drowned there. Then we came back to the shore. On that occasion Dammouse, who was prudence itself and who always remained concentrated prudence, watched us tranquilly. But afterward we all went in swimming again time after time, for we followed the coast as far as Dieppe."

To go back to the reminiscences again:

"Another trip which we took to Switzerland on an absurdly small sum—one hundred to one hundred and fifty francs—had for me an interesting, amusing, painful, and sensational beginning. I then, with my friend Herzog, occupied that attic opposite the College of France. The morning of starting from my sixth floor I shouldered a heavy knapsack with a tin cup attached, and laced-up heavy shoes protected with smooth-headed hobnails. The floors of the staircase were, as those familiar with that class of houses in Paris know, thoroughly waxed, polished, and slippery. So when I started on the top step of the top floor my feet went out from under me and I jangled down on a part of the body not intended for locomotion, with a tremendous clatter of the cup and other paraphernalia. The next flight I approached with caution, but ineffectually, and the riotous descent was repeated. Then again on the stairs below I resumed my unconventional slide, until persons rushed out on the landings from their apartments, and servant-girls stuck their heads from the kitchens upon the resounding court, in wonder and alarm at what was taking place.

"From that scene the three of us went on one of those awful excursion trains as far as Strasburg. Then we walked to Basle in Switzerland, and down the valley of the Jura to a point opposite Coppet. It was in this valley, after a ferocious climb up some almost inaccessible hill, that the stupendous view of the Alps burst upon us, recalling again the enchantment of my first experience of nature when I was thirteen, but not equaling it. From Coppet we went to the Château Chillon at the end of the lake, walked along the valley of the Chamounix, climbed Mont Blanc as far as the Montanvert, thence returned on foot in a drenching rainstorm to Ge-

neva, and finally reached Paris with a franc each in our pockets."

M. Garnier writes of the trip. I translate portions:

"For the vacation of 1869 we planned a journey into Switzerland. As soon as we mentioned it to Augustus he wanted to leave. But it was necessary to provide a purse and baggage and good shoes. We had all the trouble in the world to get Augustus to understand this. He said: 'Better start at once. We will see about those things afterward.' Finally, however, like ourselves, he scraped together a little money, his knapsack, and what was necessary to put into it. We left in a third-class excursion train bound for Strasburg. I do not remember just how we managed to sell our return tickets, but we sold them. The day after, we visited the cathedral and went to the top of the spire to admire the panorama; but it was always Augustus who admired the best and the most. Nobody so much as he got his money's worth, as everything seemed lovely, everything beautiful. We bathed in the Rhine. We passed over it on a bridge of boats and drank beer in Germany. It was wonderful. Fortunately we had given our money to Dammouse to keep, as he was charged to pay the expenses. We knew that he was more reasonable than ourselves, and therefore would prevent our committing follies.

"From Strasburg we directed our steps across the beautiful country of Alsace to Basle. There we visited the museum, although it was not a regular visiting day, because we were furnished with a letter from M. Gillaume, on the official paper of the Minister of Fine Arts, which described us as 'distinguished pupils of the school traveling for instruction.

"The next morning we left Basle at the caprice of the winds. After a few leagues we followed a valley through which ran a brook that from time to time we saw below the road. Then, all at once, on the slope beyond the stream, we caught sight of a little old castle. We stopped to admire it; whereupon, at a window, a large window way up near the top, appeared a woman. Was it a woman or a young girl? From the distance we could not tell. Naturally, however, she appeared to us young and beautiful, seen in a castle from afar by youths of twenty.



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STUDIES FOR A FOUNTAIN

From Augustus Saint-Gaudens's student sketch-book.

Perhaps we were more visible to her than she was to us; for we had on white blouses with striped waistbands, trousers tucked in our gaiters, slouch hats, and knapsacks on our backs. At any rate, after a moment our charming woman or young girl, whom we made out so indistinctly, waved a white scarf. Immediately the

imagination of Augustus and myself took fire and flame; though not so the imagination of our little pocket-book, Dammouse. We began to ask ourselves, 'Is she not an unfortunate woman imprisoned in this castle by some horrible husband? Would it not be generous and chivalrous of us to deliver her?' Ah, how charming were

all those follies which passed through our heads! 'Yes, but we still have a long journey to make before arriving at our stopping-place,' our cashier interrupted. So with a hunch of our shoulders to replace our knapsacks, we once more took the road. . . .

"On reaching Coppet, we followed the shore of the lake as far as Lausanne, taking baths at intervals, for we always jumped in when there was water. Once Augustus wished that we two should swim across a sort of little bay. All went well until I was half-way on the trip, when, turning my head and seeing myself far from both shores, I became frightened. Augustus was a few strokes ahead of me. 'Don't swim so fast. I want to catch up with you,' I shouted. And then the fear ceased as I encouraged myself in thinking that, if I were to drown, he would drown also in trying to save me. Together we finished the crossing easily, but I never dared to tell him of my fright.

"About thirty years afterward, in our beautiful trip through Italy, Augustus often remarked to me that our journey through the Juras and in Switzerland was one of the finest he ever had, incomparable to any others. I agree with him."

The reminiscences say:

"Shortly after this trip, war was declared, and, in common with most republican sympathizers, I felt violent antagonism to the action of the French government."

M. Garnier describes that moment:

"Augustus and I were at the opera with Defelici at the time that war was declared. I believe they were playing or singing 'La Muette de Portice.' At any rate, near the end of the performance the principal actor came before the audience with a flag in his hand to call on them to sing the 'National Hymn.' Then every one went crazy, and we not less than the others; so crazy that soon we found ourselves with Bastien-Lepage, and one of his friends, on the Boulevard, where we hammered with fists and canes a number of the idiots who were crying 'To Berlin!'"

My father continues:

"I believe it is not generally appreciated that the republican party opposed the war; so nothing was more striking

than to see the Paris regiments going up the Boulevard de Strasbourg to the railroad station, straggling along apparently in confusion, followed by their wives, children, and friends, while many of the men shouted, 'Vive la Paix!' Again I recall watching some of the provincial troops marching to the same station in the night, but in more regular order, many of them intoxicated, singing the 'Marseillaise.' As they filed by in the dark, they gave me strongly the impression of sheep being driven to the shambles. Indeed, so vivid was their misery and so intense the pathos, that in my sympathy I rushed up and embraced two or three of the soldiers as they went by.

"Previous to this, I had fortunately been given a stone cameo portrait to do, for which I was to be paid one hundred dollars, an enormous sum to me at that time. The lady who ordered it, a widow from Canada, left suddenly for America when the war broke out, and I sent the cameo to her by her father. Knowing, therefore, that I was to have this money, I left Paris on the fourth of September for Limoges, where my brother worked in the employ of one of the New York porcelain firms. On that day the republic was declared, and I learned of it when I arrived at Limoges at night. Immediately followed Bismarck's rejection of Jules Favre's proclamation that the republican party, then in power, would be willing to stop the war, 'pay an indemnity, but would not relinquish a stone of their fortresses or an inch of their territory.' This brought the republicans to the defense of their country, and I started back to Paris to join either the active army or the ambulance corps. On arriving there, however, I found a letter from my mother so pathetic that my courage failed, and I decided to return to Limoges. But I was in Paris long enough to be present at the entrance into the city of the troops from Brittany, marching in at the Porte d'Orléans, with no uniforms, but in simple blouses; while crowded with them, in utter confusion and dust, were droves of sheep and cattle, being led to the Jardin des Plantes, in preparation for the coming siege. That was a vision of war that I can never forget. Another spectacle which made a profound impression on me was seeing parts of the defeated army of MacMahon,

which had been hurried into Paris, bivouacking on the magnificent Avenue de la Grande-Armée, the troops in their weather-worn uniforms, the camp-fires and the stacked arms. The irony of these defeated legions under the shadow of the great arch erected to the honor of Napoleon's victories comes only to me now."

The following is a translation of a letter my father wrote in French to M. Garnier from Limoges on September 21, 1870.

"Dear Alfred:

"Although the regular postal service is interrupted, I hope this will reach you. I feel persuaded you think me a coward, and I don't blame you. But I am going to explain what happened, and then I am certain you will agree that I was justified in doing what I did.

"I was at Lieusaint on the third of September and heard nothing of the defeat at Sedan and the capture of the Emperor. I returned to Paris very late and went to bed. Early the next morning I started for the railway-station, and on the way saw the proclamation of the Emperor's ministers, but my lack of confidence in their ability and my preoccupation prevented my remaining in Paris. I bought a 'Siècle' and put it in my pocket. About an hour after, I took it out and read the speech made by Jules Favre the day before, and then, though I regretted my going away, I said to myself, 'There is no hurry. I am traveling only as far as Limoges, where I will find Lafond, who, I am sure, will come back with me at once.' On my arrival there I learned that the republic was proclaimed, and that settled my mind to revisit Paris and to volunteer. I soon found Lafond, who told me he was on the conscription list, and that therefore he had to remain where he was. The next day he was drafted into the 10th infantry, and I returned to Paris alone. The train was filled with women weeping for their husbands and sons off at the front, which made me think of home, my mother, and the years of absence, all of which saddened me. On reaching Paris, I found more regiments leaving and more scenes of misery to weaken my resolution, and then, to cap the climax, an eight-page letter from my mother, telling of her state of mind concerning me, and imploring me to keep out of political affairs and to return to America at any cost.

"I know you love your mother, and you realize how much I think of mine. What would you have done in my place? You would have done as I did, I feel sure. I understand that one's duty to a great cause should be paramount to the love one bears his parents, but I confess I had no such stern resolve. Once more I am back in Limoges, where I can assure you I am not at all happy. My thoughts are continually with you on the field of danger, while regretting my inactivity here. I feel now that I should rather be bereft of those parents, whose existence interferes with the defense of my principles. So you see I am hard pressed.

"If they were only here, I would not hesitate a moment, but they are getting old and love me. They have worked hard all their lives, are poor, and are still working. What would happen if they should lose me now? You can imagine what a miserable state of mind I am in. Your friend, Gus."

To take up the reminiscences again:

"I returned to Limoges, where I remained two or three months. Then, borrowing one hundred francs from my brother, I started for Rome, as I knew that there I would find an Italian friend, and very probably work. It was miserable November weather. I crossed France to Lyons in the hope of taking a steamer which I was told descended the Rhone to Avignon, near Marseilles, at a very reduced price. But at Lyons I found the service stopped, so I had to go down in the cars. While loitering at the station it was queer to see some twenty or thirty Prussian prisoners awaiting a train, calmly lounging about, smoking their peaceful family-looking porcelain pipes.

"At Marseilles I just missed a boat that went to Civita Vecchia, the point of landing for Rome, so I had to wait three days more. I was not the most respectable object in the world; and, as I was followed once or twice during the first day by other suspicious-looking persons, through fear I determined to pass my time away from the city, which I did by going to the hill called Notre Dame de Bonne Garde, from which there was a marvelous view of Marseilles, the Mediterranean, and the surrounding coast.

"During all this time, in fact during the whole trip from Limoges, I lived on



From a photograph owned by Thomas Moore. Copyright, 1908, by Augusta Saint-Gaudens

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS (SEATED), GEORGE DUBOIS (AT THE LEFT),
AND ERNEST MAYOR, DURING A WALKING TRIP IN 1871

figs and chocolate and pieces of an extraordinary pâté, given me by the big, fat, whole-hearted wife of the owner of the pension where my brother lived. So by the time I boarded the little steamer for Civita Vecchia, my stomach was not in a condition to be tossed about. My other possession besides this pâté was the box containing my cameo-cutter's lathe, to which I clung during the forty or fifty hours of the journey between Marseilles and Civita Vecchia, during which I suffered the tortures of the damned, rolling round the deck in misery, and in my more lucid

intervals catching glimpses of the sailors seated before my pâté, which they, no doubt, seeing that I was unable to appreciate it, concluded to dispose of themselves.

"In contrast to this, the trip to Rome from Civita Vecchia, when the cars rolled through the soft air of the Campagna, seemed like the entrance into paradise. I arrived there in the night, and called immediately on my friend, who, they told me, was in an adjoining house. There I found him paying court to the most beautiful creature in the world. I slept in his

room, and the following morning I awoke to the blessed charm of Rome.

"The fascination of the Holy City as I stepped into the street the first time that morning, can be appreciated only by those who have lived there. Coming so soon after the misery of the gray, bleak weather of France, the war and its disaster, and the terrible Mediterranean trip, it seemed all the more exalting. As I turned

beauty of surrounding nature than that which existed in France came over me, so that the classic charm of the Campagna, of the Sabine Mountains, of Tivoli, of Albano, and of Frascati, was by no means lost on me during my frequent Sunday trips to these places with my acquaintances."

The sense of that charm stayed with my father all his life, and led him to become one of the most earnest workers for



AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

From a photograph sent from Rome in the sixties.
Owned by Mrs. D. J. McDonald.

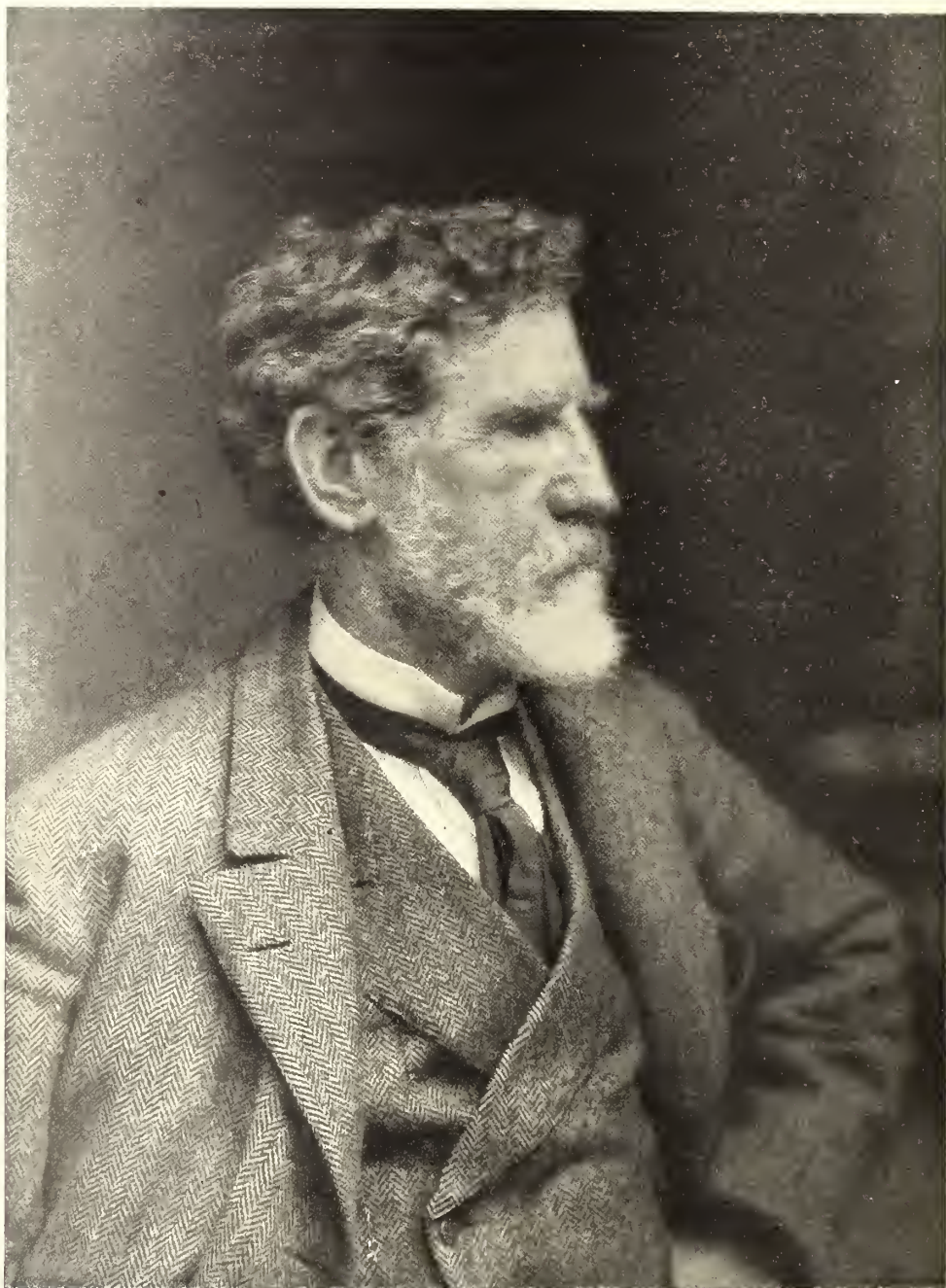
the corner from the Via Sistina, where my friend lived, and looked up the Via Porta Pinciana, the first view of a stone-pine at the head of the street appeared incomparably beautiful in the gentle welcome which seemed to pervade it all. It was as if a door had been thrown wide open to the eternal beauty of the classical. Therefore though the story of my life in Paris was repeated while in Rome in so far that my enthusiasm for my work made me neglect the earning of pennies to such an extent that I was down at the heels most of the time, a greater appreciation of the

the endowed American Academy in Rome, now established in the Villa Mirafiori. It was the remembrance of those days which induced him to direct one of the few public speeches he ever made, toward helping American youth to "that wonderful spot, which, void of all business cares, should tend to an earnest and more thorough training of those who wish to become sculptors." And when at last he realized his ambition he gave evidence of his state of mind in the following letter which he wrote to his fellow promoter, Mr. Charles F. McKim:



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SAINT-GAUDENS'S STATUE OF HIAWATHA. OWNED BY THE HILTON ESTATE, SARATOGA



From a photograph taken in 1905. Copyright, 1905, by De Witt C. Ward

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

"Karo Karlo:—

"Of course you know about the inclosed.

"Hooooooooooooooooo Raaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!

"All we want now is California's \$50,000.00 and Columbia's \$25,000.00 to complete the business; is not that so?

"You had better prepare your gripsack for the opening next year."

My father in his reminiscences continues to illustrate this attitude:

"It was shortly after my arrival in Rome that I witnessed one of those scenes which it seems to me are possible only in Italy; for that country has an extraordinary gift for public celebration which always shows itself in a surprising measure. King Victor Emmanuel's formal entrance into the city was the event in the history of Italy at the time, and the population meant that it should be memorable. The palaces and houses on each side of the Corso, which was crowded with people, were made alive and gorgeous with all manner of rugs, flags, flowers, and garlands. Along its narrow sidewalks from one end of the route, the railroad station, to the palace of the Quirinal at the other, stood soldiers within a foot or two of one another. After the usual wait that seems inevitable in all affairs of this kind, I became conscious of a confused sound in the distance, which increased gradually to a roar. On looking up the street, a cloud seemed to fill all the end. This approached with increasing rush of noise, and as it drew near, it was seen to be a tremendous storm of flowers. Then came a bewildering instant of wild enthusiasm from the people as the King was driven past at a very high speed, preceded by a crowd of dragoons and followed by more. As he flew by, we found ourselves in the height of the noise and confusion and the flowers and what not. But in a moment the storm disappeared down the street like a tornado diminishing in the distance. Such was his entry. And the haste no doubt was a wise precaution against possible bombs.

"Through my friend whom I visited on my coming to Rome, I immediately obtained cameos to do for a dealer, Rossi by name, a man with a big red beard, who lived in the Via Margutta. He paid what seemed to me large prices, and I set about to find a studio in which to model

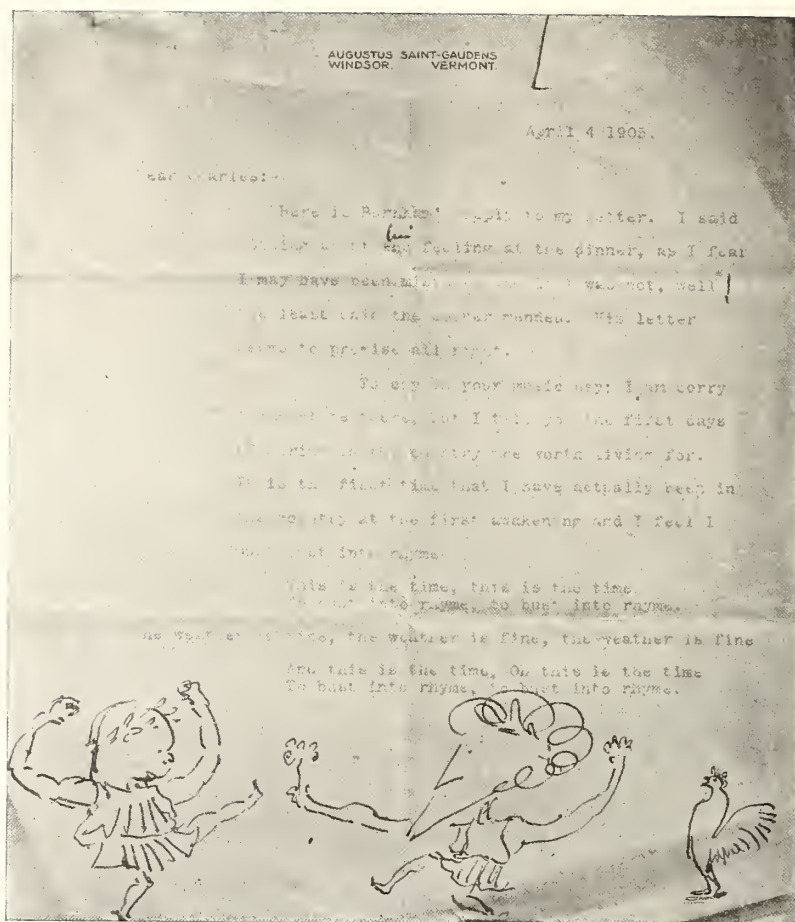
my first statue, which was to astonish the world.

"Truman Bartlett, whose place I have said I occupied for a short time in Paris, informed me that there was an American dying near by who had precisely what I wished, with a studio adjoining, and that, if I would wait a little, it would not be long before I could obtain possession. While awaiting the event, another friend came to me saying that he knew this very sick American, whom it would be a kindness to visit. He had had a stroke of paralysis, so I was told that although his speech was incoherent, it would be well to pretend to understand him and to cheer him up. When I called, I found a living dead man on a low cot in a little room. But he needed no cheering up, for notwithstanding the incoherence of his language, he seemed perfectly happy and contented, nailed to his bed as he was. I went to see him frequently after that. We became fast friends. This was thirty-six years ago and still he is alive, as sound as a drum, as lively as a cricket, and likely far to outlive those of us who expected to attend his funeral and to occupy his studio in Rome. I speak of Mr. William Gedney Bunce, the artist who has painted such beautiful visions of Venice."

Mr. Bunce, who is a brother of Admiral Bunce, had been a cavalry officer in the Civil War. The four years of hardship at that time had left him an invalid.

My father goes on:

"In Rome one day I met another of my Paris friends who had come to escape the war, Soares, 'Heart of Gold,' as Bion called him. He was a Fine Arts pensioner of the Portuguese government. We took a studio together, and there I set up the figure that should open people's eyes. He also began one, which represented 'The Exile,' the hero of a poem by Camoens, written while he, Camoens, was in banishment. This figure, with its melancholy, was in complete accord with Soares's own nature, and a beautiful work he made. A big sheet hung across the studio, separating us. On the other side of the sheet I began the statue of 'Hiawatha, pondering, musing in the forest, on the welfare of his people,' and so on. This accorded with my profound state of mind, pondering, musing on my own ponderous thoughts and ponderous efforts. Soares was



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FACSIMILE OF PART OF A LETTER OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS TO CHARLES F. McKIM

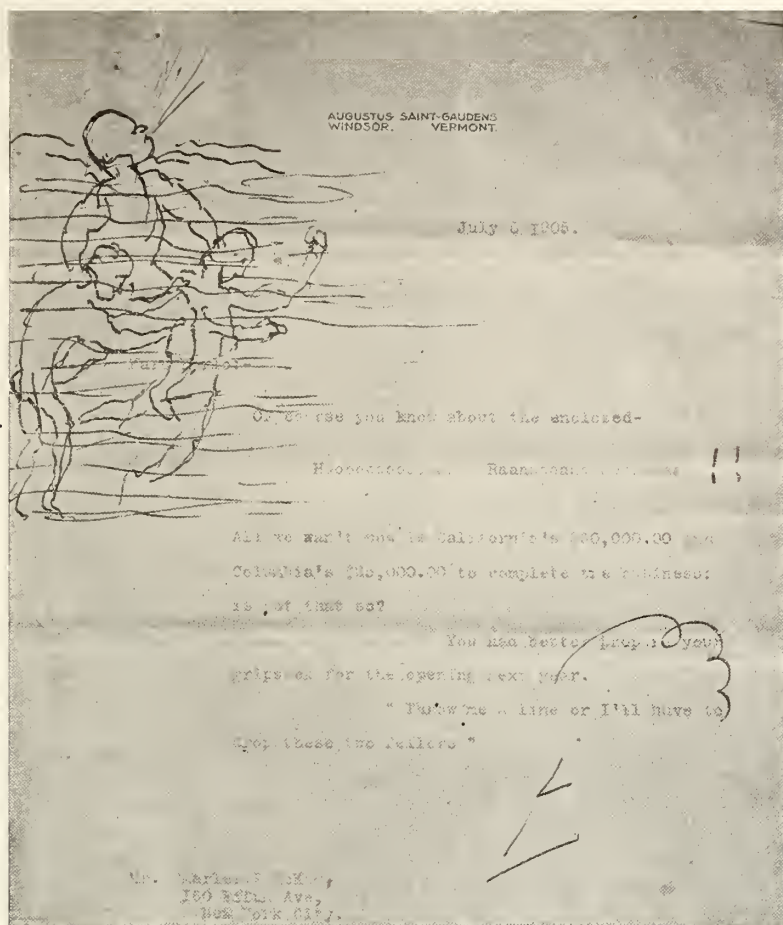
The letter, dated April 4, 1905, refers to the success of the American Academy in Rome and the caricatures typify the joy of the two friends.

really a noble nature. No breath of quarrel ever came between us, and that is saying a good deal, considering my constant readiness for one. His utmost protest was an occasional 'Ouf!' which he uttered when, following the habit of my masters in New York and my renown in Paris, I began bawling the moment I entered the studio, never to stop until I left it at one o'clock to go to my bread-winning cameos. He told me that I sang precisely like a hand-organ, that I had a regular routine of songs, one following the other until the list was exhausted. Some of these songs were interesting because they dated from a generation much earlier than those that the young people of my period were famil-

iar with. And to the boys in the Beaux Arts in Paris it seemed more than strange to have this 'pasteboard American,' as they called me, sing to them French songs that they knew nothing of. These songs I had taken from Avet and LeBrethon, who had learned them in their youth. They were popular between 1830 and 1850, and had gone entirely out of date."

A portion of a letter from my father to M. Alfred Garnier, dated Rome, March 21, 1871, well concludes this period.

"I don't want to speak to you about this war. It is too sad. So I will refrain from mentioning it until we see each other again. You must have had some terrible



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FACSIMILE OF PART OF A LETTER OF AUGUSTUS
SAINT-GAUDENS TO CHARLES F. McKIM

This letter, dated July 6, 1905, appears, with the exception of the last two lines, on page 593. The caricature, below, was Saint-Gaudens's familiar signature.

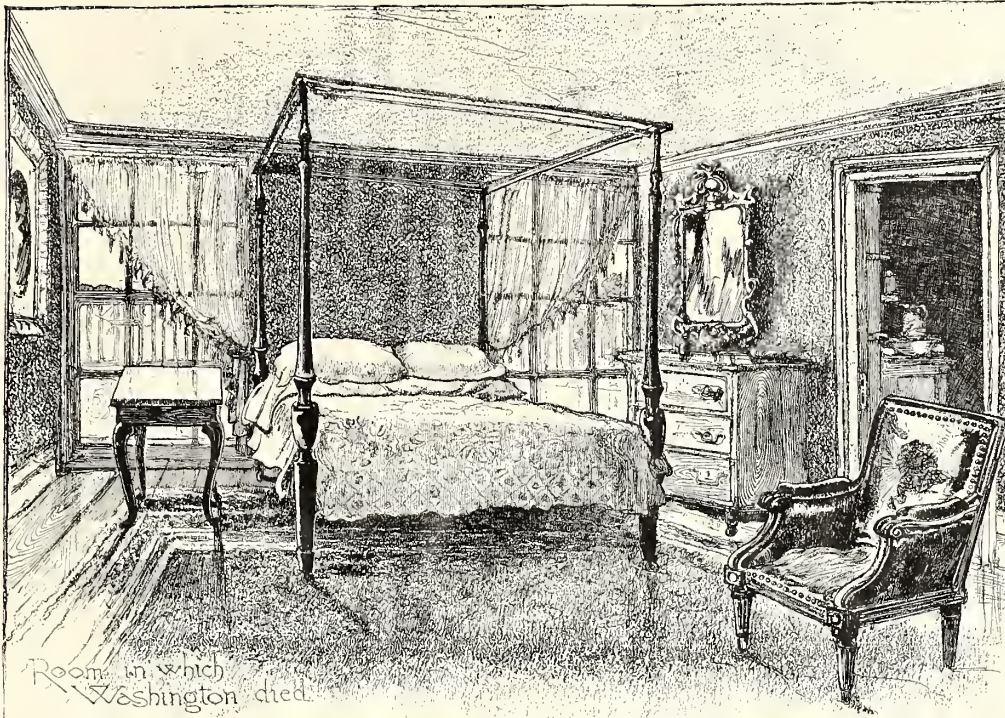
times, while I have been safe and sound, far from all danger. I envy you, I assure you.

"Personally I have nothing to do but to congratulate myself on my pecuniary situation. I am earning a lot of money. I shall be able to make my statue, which I begin next week. I shall have it not only in plaster, but in marble. The cameos are much better paid here than in Paris. The jewelers are less exacting. Living is more moderate, and models are only half as dear

as in Paris. Rents are equally cheap. More than this, I am beginning to get into relations with rich Americans, and the cameos I cut for them are extraordinarily well paid. My health is excellent, and we have magnificent walks together, Soares, Simeos, Defelici, and I. The four of us have great tramps which cost us very little and on which we enjoy ourselves hugely. And with a good hand-clasp, I remain your friend,

"Gus."

(To be continued)



ROOM IN WHICH WASHINGTON DIED, MOUNT VERNON.

in de summer it was very hot,— but dere she staid wif only her cat fur comp'ny.”

The corner cut off from the lower part of the door he showed us was for the easy egress and ingress of this familiar friend. The attic room is pretty and attractive-looking, but has in it now only one piece of furniture used by Mrs. Washington,— a little three-cornered washstand.

The most interesting feature of the grounds is the beautiful old garden, with its box borders

grown now to the proportions of hedges, and filled with pleasant flowers; there was no modern touch about it, nothing to dispel the illusion which had been gathering all day long.

The return trip was no anticlimax, but rounded out the day to perfect fullness. At one place, between two jutting points on opposite banks of the river, Washington, with its Capitol, public buildings, and monuments, passed across the field of vision like a panorama, and was gone.

Sophie Bledsoe Herrick.

REVENGE.

REVENGE is a naked sword —
It has neither hilt nor guard.
Would'st thou wield this brand of the Lord:
Is thy grasp then firm and hard?

But the closer thy clutch of the blade,
The deadlier blow thou would'st deal,
Deeper wound in thy hand is made —
It is *thy* blood reddens the steel.

And when thou hast dealt the blow —
When the blade from thy hand has flown —
Instead of the heart of the foe
Thou may'st find it sheathed in thine own!

Charles Henry Webb.

AUGUSTUS SAINT GAUDENS.



OUTLINE OF THE BAS-RELIEF OF THE SONS OF PRESCOTT HALL BUTLER.

ALL of us who care for art and to whom beauty is a necessity owe a deep debt of gratitude to that band of artists who, in this latter part of the nineteenth century, have resuscitated for us the dead art of sculpture. Sculpture, which has in other times been one of the first of the arts to develop, has in our time been the latest. Music is the child of our own century; poetry we have had and have; painting, after a long lethargy, was already awakened to new life; but twenty years ago sculpture was, to all seeming, dead. It is true there were a few exceptional talents, such as those of Barye and of Rude, and that Jouffroy had produced one interesting work, "The Secret;" but, broadly speaking, sculpture could not be counted as one of the living arts. That it is now alive again, full of fresh vigor and moving on to the conquest of new realms of beauty for us and those that shall come after us, we owe first of all to Paul Dubois, whose little St. John the Baptist in the Salon of 1863 was indeed as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," and, after him, to a band of younger men who hailed the advent of the new prophet, and, gathering around him, formed the present French school of sculpture, the third of the three great schools of sculpture that the world has seen.

One of these men we have among us, and to him we owe a special debt in that his work is not only for us in common with the rest of the world, but is *first* for us,—is here in our own country, in the midst of us,—delighting us, and forming the taste of our children.

As the first step in the resuscitation of sculpture was the abandonment of the stilted imitation of third-rate Roman antiques, and the study of the works of the Italian Renaissance, it was a happy coincidence that Augustus St. Gaudens should have had much such an apprenticeship as a Florentine sculptor of the fifteenth century might have had. St.

Gaudens's father was of southern France, his mother was Irish. He himself is a New Yorker, well-nigh from birth,—having been brought to this city from Dublin, his birth-place, while yet an infant. He was early apprenticed to a New York cameo-cutter and faithfully served his time, and even during the period of his study in Paris he devoted half his working hours to bread-winning in the exercise of his trade. He attributes much of his success to the habit of faithful labor acquired at this time, and speaks of his apprenticeship as "one of the most fortunate things that ever happened to him." Perhaps one may attribute to it, also; part of that mastery of low-relief which is such a noticeable element in his artistic equipment. In 1868 he went to Paris to begin the serious study of his art, and after working for some time in the *Petite Ecole* entered the studio of Jouffroy in the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*.

This was the year of the Universal Exposition, and in that Exposition he saw the "Florentine Singer" of Paul Dubois, which had received the medal of honor two years before at the Salon. This statue, in which the very spirit of the Renaissance breathed again, must have marked an epoch for him, as it did for modern sculpture.

Many of the brilliant sculptors of to-day were educated in the studio of Jouffroy; Falguière and St. Marceau had left it shortly before St. Gaudens entered it; Mercié was his fellow-student there, and he thus became a part of the young and vigorous movement of contemporary sculpture. He afterwards went to Rome, and finally, returning to this country, was given in a happy hour the commission for the Farragut statue in Madison Square. From the time when that statue was exhibited, in the plaster, at the Salon of 1880, his talent was recognized and his position assured.

The purpose of this article is to attempt some sort of analysis of this talent, and to explain the grounds of admiration for Mr. St. Gaudens's work.

Sculpture, in its primary conception, is the most positive and the most simple of all the arts. Painting deals with the visual aspects of things, with light and color, and with the *appearance* of form. Sculpture deals only with actual form. A statue does not give the visual image of the form of a man; it gives the actual form. It follows from this that sculpture is, in a sense, an easier art than painting. One often sees a mere tyro, who would be altogether lost among the complications and conflicting difficulties of painting, produce, by



KENYON COR. ART. BY AUG. ST. GAUDENS. 1885

PORTRAIT IN BAS-RELIEF OF THE SONS OF PRESCOTT HALL BUTLER.

measurement and the use of the compass, a bust which has a certain approximate truth to the forms of nature. But in this simplicity of the art lies also its real difficulty; for the multifold aims and difficulties of painting are also multifold resources for the artist, and a success in any one direction makes a successful work of art; but the sculptor, who has only

one difficulty to contend with, has also only one means with which to succeed. If he fails in form he fails in everything. And form being the most tangible — the most accurately measureable — of all qualities of things that art has to do with, and the least mysterious and elusive, sculpture is of the arts the one most likely to fall into flat commonplace and the

most difficult to keep up in the region of art and out of the region of imitation. Nothing is more tiresome than any sculpture but the best. A painter may be far from possessing the highest genius, yet find in some part of his many-sided art an escape from the commonplace and the real, but a mediocre sculptor is lost. The sculptor must be a genius or a nobody.

Here, then, has been the great problem of the sculptors of all ages, and they have met it in various ways. The noble abstraction of Pheidias degenerated, in the later Greek and Roman work, into a dead conventionality, and, the works of Pheidias being unknown to them, the artists of the Italian Renaissance struck out a new road for themselves and found the means by a vague elusiveness of modeling to express all their new and peculiarly modern interest in individuality of character and the personality of their models without ever falling into the dry literalness of the plaster cast. In the earlier part of this century dead-alive conventionalism was again regnant, and when the sculptors of to-day, following the lead of the painters who had already begun the movement, turned again to the independent study of nature, they naturally reverted to the study of Renaissance models. In the sculpture of the Renaissance only could they find nature represented as she appeared to them. There only could they find the modern man with his pronounced individuality and his special development of character, and there only could they find the means of representing him in their art. And so, jumping over four hundred years, jumping over the inroad of academicism and all the subsequent degradation of art, the best sculpture of to-day is the legitimate successor to that of the fifteenth century,—its successor, not its imitator. The sculptors of to-day are working in the spirit of the Renaissance, but the very essence of that spirit is personality—individualism—*independent study*. Now, having a general view of the movement of which he is a part, we are prepared to approach the work of St. Gaudens himself, and to search there the qualities of his school and their particular development by his own personality.

The feeling for individuality,—the modern idea that a man is not merely one of a species but is a character,—the caring less for the perfection of a race and more for the man himself as he is, with his faults as well as his merits, is one of the noticeable qualities of Mr. St. Gaudens's work. It is easy to see in his Farragut how he has been penetrated with the personality of his model and has bent himself to its expression. The statue is as living—as *vital*—as one of the Mino da Fiesole's Florentines, who died four hundred

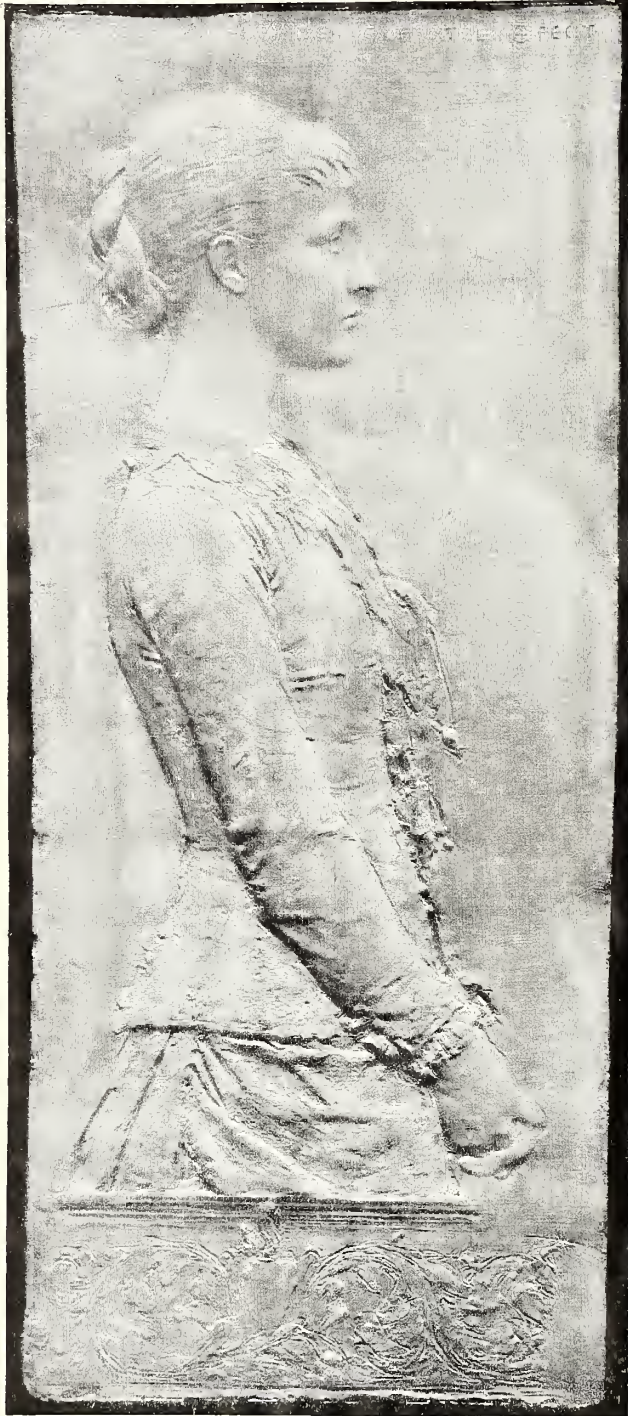
years ago, and whom we should be quite prepared to meet in the streets as we come out of the museum where his likeness is preserved. There is no cold conventionalism, neither is there any romanticism or melodrama, but a penetrating imagination which has got at the heart of the man and given him to us "in his habit as he lived," cool, ready, determined, standing firmly, feet apart, upon his swaying deck, a sailor, a gentleman, and a hero. In his Randall statue at Sailors' Snug Harbor, there is much of the same quality, for though, from the lack of authentic portraits this latter was necessarily a pure work of imagination, yet it is none the less a portrait of a man—an individual—if not precisely the Randall whose name it bears. There is nothing of the ideal Greek hero about this rugged block of humanity. This kindly, keen, alert, old man, sharp-eyed, hooked-nosed, firm-mouthed, with a sea breeze in his look, is a modern and an American and, one would say, an old sailor, with crotchets and eccentricities as well as a good head and a good heart.*

Another and a more recent work in the same line of what we may call *ideal portraiture* is the "Deacon Chapin," which is perhaps the finest embodiment of Puritanism in our art. Surely those old searchers for a "liberty of conscience" that should not include the liberty to differ from themselves could not fail to recognize in this swift-striding, stern-looking old man, clasping his Bible as Moses clasped the tables of the law, and holding his peaceful walking-stick with as firm a grip as the handle of a sword—surely they could not fail to recognize in him a man after their own hearts. But he is not merely a Puritan of the Puritans, he is a man also, a rough-hewn piece of humanity enough, with plenty of the old Adam about him; and one feels that so and not otherwise must some veritable old Puritan deacon have looked.

In these statues it is easy, I say, to see the spirit of the Renaissance, but to show the appropriation of Renaissance methods and the rare technical skill with which they are employed in the embodiment of this spirit is a more difficult task, and to attempt it, I wish more especially to draw attention to a class of work which was particularly characteristic of the Italian Renaissance and in the revival of which Mr. St. Gaudens seems to me one of the most successful of modern sculptors. I mean low-relief. Something of what he can do in this way any one may see in the allegorical figures on the base of the Farragut monument, and, I remember, these figures were even more

* I believe that, in point of fact, Randall was not a sailor, but the text refers to the type of the statue rather than to the historic character.





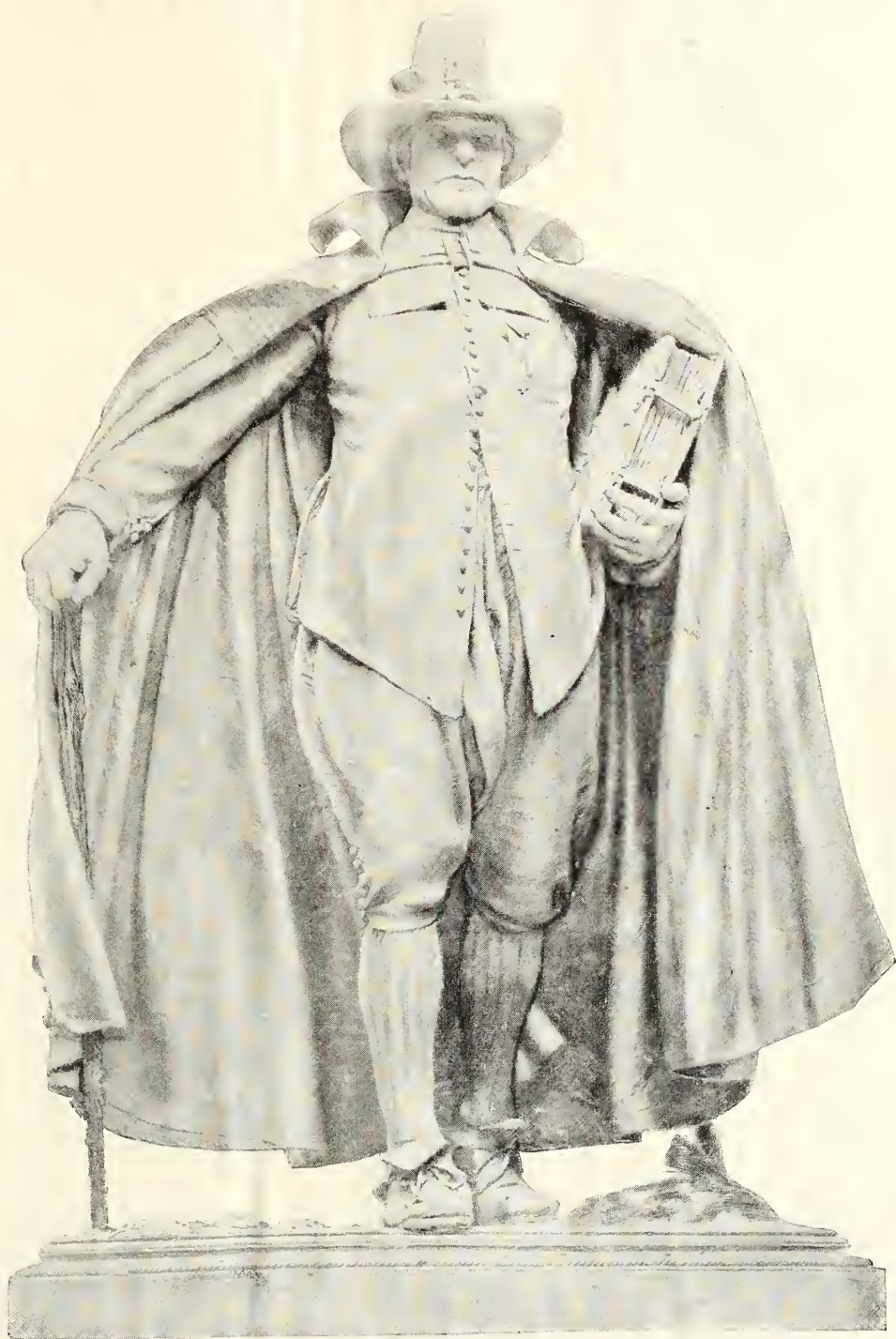
PORTRAIT IN BAS-RELIEF OF A YOUNG LADY.

of a revelation to me of his ability than was the statue itself. For the question whether or not a given statue is great and heroic in conception one can only answer to one's self, and

one can never be quite sure that the answer is the true one; but the question whether a sculptor has the knowledge and the skill to handle low-relief, that one can quite definitely settle. One can even hope to convince another that his conclusion is correct. I own, myself, to being quite enamored of the charm of Mr. St. Gaudens's reliefs, but I hope that this reason will acquit me of the charge of mere partiality for the graceful above the grand in dwelling on what many would think a minor phase of his work.

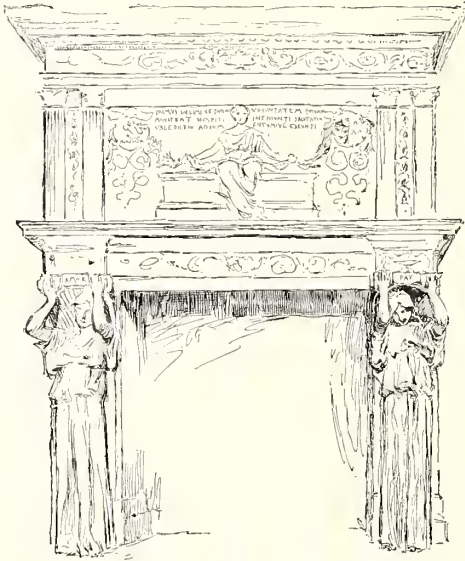
The sculptors of the Italian Renaissance may be said, in a sense, almost to have invented low-relief. In the struggle to depict the infinite variety of things that was necessary to their modern nature, and yet to avoid the mere matter-of-fact, which is fatal to art,—in their desire to be real without being realistic,—they naturally turned to a part of their art which is the nearest akin to painting, and they pushed it to a degree of perfection which has never been known before or since. Low-relief does not deal with actual form but with the appearance of form, and the more perfect it is the farther it is apt to be from an actual copying of the forms of nature. The common conception of a medallion is probably that it is half of a head placed upon a flat surface, but this conception is the farthest possible from being the true one. Even the idea that while the projection is much less than in nature the *relations* of projection remain the same, is not much nearer the truth. In good relief work, for instance, the head constantly projects more than the shoulder. The fact is that low-relief is a kind of *drawing* by means of light and shade, the difference between it and any other kind of drawing being that the lights and shadows are produced not by white

paper or crayon strokes, but by the falling of the light upon the elevations and depressions of the surface of the relief; and these elevations and depressions are regulated solely by the



THE CHAPIN STATUE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

amount of light or shadow which the sculptor desires and are almost arbitrary in their relations to the projection of the model. As the painter concentrates the light and shade upon the head, so does the sculptor, by increasing its pro-



SKETCH OF CHIMNEY-PIECE IN HOUSE OF CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

jection; as the painter varies the tone of his background, so does the sculptor, by slight undulations which catch the lights and cast pale shadows, vary his: he even uses outline and cuts fine trenches of shadow round the edges of his figures here and there, where greater definition seems desirable. He can produce the effect of distance by flattening his modeling and so reducing both the light and shadow, and he can mark the importance of any part which is most interesting to him by giving it greater relief. His figures now lose themselves utterly in the background and now emerge into sudden crispness of form as may best suit his purpose. His relief is a picture which he fashions with delicate use of light and dark, thinking always of the effect of the whole, and never of the imitation of any one piece of form.

Low-relief is thus an art nearly allied to painting and which deals with aspects rather than with facts, and its exercise calls for the highest powers of perception and execution which the artist possesses. The lower the relief the greater—the more marvelous—the delicacy of modeling required to give the proper relations of light and shadow. It is at the same time, for him who understands it, the most delightful resource against the sculptor's greatest danger, the matter-of-fact. Therefore it has been a favorite art with sculptors, and success in it is one of the best available measures, both of the power and purity of

artistic conception, and of the technical ability, of a given sculptor. St. Gaudens's success in it has been very great. Such reliefs as the portrait of a young lady, here given, or that of the two children, must be seen and studied in the originals to be understood, it being impossible for any illustration to give an adequate idea of the sweet fluency of modeling and of the marvelous economy of means (getting with an infinitesimal projection enough variety of shadow to convey a complete impression of nature) which place them among the most remarkable productions of our times. That they are lovely in themselves, full of sweet, pure feeling, of beautiful composition and subtle grace of line, the engravings may indeed help one to see, but the exquisite fineness, which is power, of the workmanship, the beauty of surface, caressed into delicate form, which in a direct light is invisible, nothing but the reliefs themselves can show one. They are masterpieces of skill and knowledge.

So far we have been considering Mr. St. Gaudens's work in professed portraiture, whether in the round or in relief, and have seen in it the two dominating qualities of the Renaissance,—individuality of conception and delicate suavity of modeling. We have now to consider a more purely ideal class of works, such as the caryatides in the house of Cornelius Vanderbilt and the angels of the Morgan monument (so unfortunately destroyed by fire), and to see how in them the same qualities are combined and carried out together. At first sight the caryatides might seem more Greek than Renaissance in feeling. The costume, the large amplitude of form, the dignity and repose of the figures, are very Greek. But one soon sees that there is something there which is other than Greek. The modern mind has been at work, and in these ideal figures there is a vague air of portraiture. If they are not women who *have* lived, they are women who might have lived and have loved and, assuredly, have been loved. Serenely beautiful as they are, one does not feel before them, as before the great Greek statues, the awe and admiration of abstract beauty, but rather the kind of tender personal feeling that the *Femme Inconnue* of the Louvre inspires. They are not goddesses but *women*, alike yet different, each, one feels, with her own character, her own virtues, and, perhaps, her own faults. Here, then, is the note of the Renaissance, the love of individuality, and its complement in the manner of the execution is equally present. These figures are almost entirely detached, and yet in the *paleness* of the modeling and in the avoidance of deep hollows and dark shadows,—the chisel never quite going into the depths of the form, but leaving, as it were, a diaphanous



CARYATID ("AMOR") OF THE C. VANDERBILT CHIMNEY-PIECE.

veil between it and our eyes and a mystery for the imagination to penetrate,— we find even here the principle of low-relief.

We find this principle of low-relief even more readily in the angels of the Morgan tomb, and I think, to go back a little, we can find it even in the Farragut. For, though the ruggedness of the type, the material, and the necessity for distant effect demanded depth of shadow, we find in the very means of getting this shadow the lesson of low-relief that it is the appearance of nature and not the absolute fact that is of importance. The figure was first modeled nude with great care, but, when Mr. St. Gaudens came to put the costume upon it, he found that in order to get the necessary accent he had often to disregard the actual form underneath and to cut folds of drapery deeper than they could possibly go. In order to get the *look* of nature he had to disregard the absolute fact.

I have dwelt at considerable length on the likeness of St. Gaudens's work to that of an epoch which he has deeply studied and deeply loves, because it seemed to me that in that way only I could show its great technical merit; but it by no means follows that his work is not original. On the contrary, he could not show the spirit of the Renaissance if he were not strongly individual. As I have said, the essence of the Renaissance spirit is individuality, and in nothing is St. Gaudens more like the great artists of the fifteenth century than in that he is eminently original and that the personal note is strongly felt in all his work. His figures are such as no other man than himself could have made them; his types of beauty are those that appeal most to his own nature and his own peculiar temperament. This temperament one cannot quite analyze, but one can readily discover one or two elements that enter largely into it. Two of these are virility and purity. The manly directness and straightforward simplicity of such works as the Farragut and the Chapin are among their most readily visible characteristics, and the caryatides or the angels of the Morgan monument are as pure as



ANGEL FOR TOMB OF GOVERNOR E. D. MORGAN.

they are lovely. In the sweet-flowing grace of movement, in the refined beauty of face and form of these angels, all intent upon their celestial harpings, sensuousness never touches the limits of sensuality. They are as pure as a madonna of Fra Angelico's.

The time has not yet come to define the exact place of Augustus St. Gaudens on the roll of the sculptors of our second Renaissance. I have tried to give some notion of his qualities; of his limitations we cannot yet judge. No sculptor can be assigned his definite rank until he has shown what he can do with the

nude, and Mr. St. Gaudens has as yet produced no nude figure except the inevitable Indian which is the "youthful sin" of every American sculptor. He is still a young man with a long life of work before him, and he has by no means said his last word. What we may know now is, that he is an artist of intelligence, learning, and imagination, with a great and distinguished talent, who has done much and from whom we may hope for more.*

* When the above article was written Mr. St. Gaudens's Lincoln had not been modeled.—EDITOR.

Kenyon Cox.

SAINT GAUDENS'S LINCOLN.



HE Lincoln monument for Chicago is the most important commemorative work that Mr. St. Gaudens has yet produced and may well remain the most important of his life. There could be no nobler task for an American sculptor than the task of representing the greatest of all Americans; and it so chanced that the external as well as the intellectual problems it involved were of peculiar interest and difficulty.

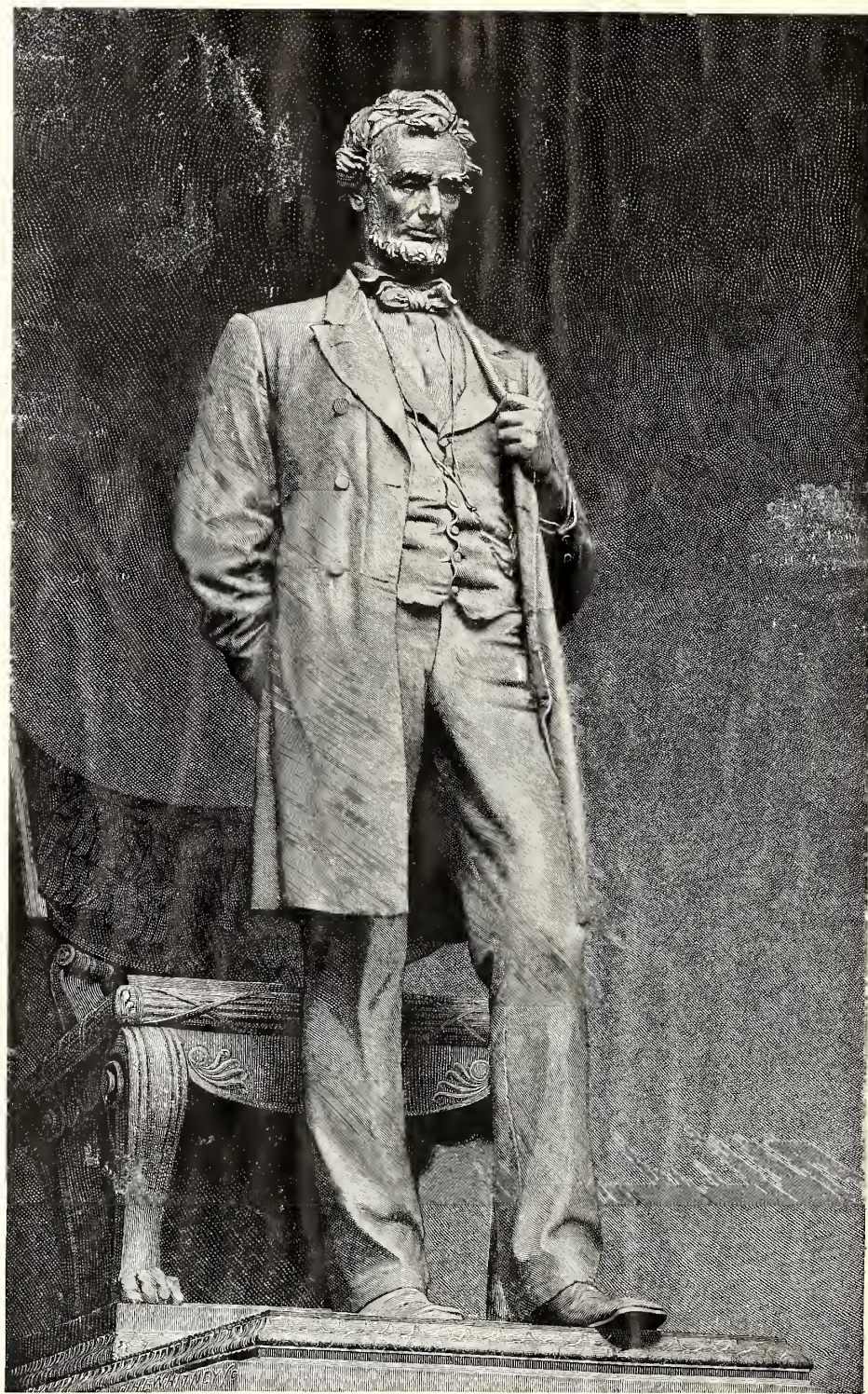
To an artist brought up in the belief that only through the representation of purely beautiful forms can a work of sculpture be beautiful as such, Lincoln would, of course, have offered an unsympathetic theme; both in physical structure and in attire he might have seemed almost the embodiment of the sculpturally impossible. But to an artist trained like Mr. St. Gaudens in the gospel of individuality, full of that modern spirit which prizes "character" in a model for portraiture above even beauty itself, no face could have been more inspiring than Lincoln's, while even the difficulties presented by his form and costume could not seem insuperable.

The intellectual problem on the other hand—the primary task of conceiving the soul and potency of the man is so clear and full a way as to make adequate expression possible—had to deal with elements in which force and beauty were equally commingled. A more distinct personality than Lincoln's could not be imagined, nor one in which moral purity and power should be more commensurate with intellectual strength. Here it was the complex richness of his opportunity which made the sculptor's task as difficult as noble. We may truly say that Lincoln was not one great man but many. He was a thinker whose profound imaginings dealt with the deepest, subtlest public problems and a practical man of affairs who controlled a myriad daily details of immediate definite bearing; a leader who guided his people through a terrible crisis, yet an executive who carefully

sought out and followed out their own desires; the champion of his country before the world and the father individually of every fellow-countryman who appealed to him; a wonderful orator and a wonderful master of prose expression and of the poetry which may be woven into it; a humorist and yet a philosopher saddened by the ever-present pathos and tragedy of life. His mind seemed a very synonym for practical good sense; yet it was the mind of a poet, a prophet too, and beneath it lay the heart of a child and the tender instincts of a woman. How, we had often asked ourselves, can any artist ever show us such a character? And how can we permit him to dismember it and accept a single part as Lincoln? Yet Mr. St. Gaudens has not dismembered it, and has expressed it for us no less adequately than broadly.

The first question to be decided must have been: Shall the impression to be given base itself primarily upon the man of action or upon the man of affairs? Shall the statue be standing or seated? In the solution of this question we find the most striking originality of the work. The impression given bases itself in equal measure upon the man of action and the man of affairs. Lincoln is standing, but stands in front of a chair from which he has just risen. He is before the people to counsel and direct them, but has just turned from that other phase of his activity in which he was their executive and their protector. Two ideas are thus expressed in the composition, but they are not separately, independently expressed to the detriment of unity. The artist has blended them to the eye as our own thought blends them when we speak of Lincoln. The pose reveals the man of action, but represents a man ready for action, not really engaged in it; and the chair—clearly typical of the Chair of State—reveals his title to act no less than his methods of self-preparation.

We see, therefore, that completeness of expression has been arrived at through a symbolic, idealistic conception. No given moment



STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN; CHICAGO.

of Lincoln's life is represented, no special branch of his public usefulness or of his intellectual endowment is emphasized,—all are suggested in the symbolic reach of the conception. But the rendering of this conception is realistic in the best sense of the word. The pose is simple, natural, individually characteristic — as far removed from the conventionally dramatic or "sculpturesque" as from the baldly commonplace. Neither physical facts nor facts of costume are palliated or adorned. Even the chair is in general outline such a one as Lincoln might very possibly have used. It is idealized only by its massiveness and its unobtrusive decoration, and the figure is idealized only by refinement and breadth and vigor in treatment. What we see are realities, but we see them suffused with poetic thought and typical explanatory meanings, and ennobled though not altered by the subtle touch of art: and the reposeful composition speaks to us with true dramatic intensity. Examine the figure more narrowly and see how rich it is in significance, how it carries out in every line the fundamental ideas which inspired the composition as a whole. This Lincoln, with his firmly planted feet, his erect body, and his squared shoulders, stands as a man accustomed to face the people and sway them at his will, while the slightly drooped head and the quiet, yet not passive hands express the meditateness, the self-control, the conscientiousness of the philosopher who reflected well before he spoke, of the moralist who realized to the full the responsibilities of utterance. The dignity of the man and his simplicity; his strength, his inflexibility and his tenderness; his goodness and his courage; his intellectual confidence and his humility of soul; the poetic cast of his thought, the homely vigor of his manner, and the underlying sadness of his spirit,—all these may be read in the wonderfully real yet ideal portrait which the sculptor has created. And they are all so expressed, I repeat, as to reveal not only the man himself but the various directions in which he brought his great qualities to bear.

Having said as much as this, it is almost needless to comment upon the technical merits of the work. No such meaning, no such message could have made itself felt through any but the most accomplished hand. When we find for the first time a portrait which really shows us the inner Lincoln we are not surprised to find it the first one which from a purely sculptural point of view has dealt successfully with his outward aspect. This aspect was impressive, imposing, inspiring, attractive by reason of the spirit which shone through it; and, naturally, an artist who failed to reveal that spirit could make little of the rough yet noble husk which sheathed it. The lesson thus taught is a

priceless one. It proves that even the most difficult task of the most "modern" kind is not beyond the power of the sculptor's art to master; but that it can only be mastered when that art signifies intellectual insight and creative force as well as trained perceptions and a skillful hand.

Another valuable lesson may be read in the nature of that originality which I have claimed for the design as a whole. Strange as it may seem, no previous monumental composition had furnished a precedent for this. The world had had seated statues and standing statues in plenty; but a figure thus recently risen from its seat is that rarest of things—a true novelty in art. No novelty in art, however, is entitled to admiration simply as such. On the contrary, it is trebly bound to make manifest intrinsic worth. We cannot but criticise it with senses sharpened by the thought: If the idea is good, would not some great artist long ere this have conceived it and expressed it? The exceptional strength of Mr. St. Gaudens's talent shows not so much in the originality of his fundamental idea as in that treatment of it which has made it seem not merely a right idea but the only one adequate to his purpose. This implies, of course, that originality came not because it was sought as such, but naturally, inevitably, as a result of the conscientious effort to express a clear conception in the clearest and completest way.

In conclusion, it is most interesting to note the close ties which connect so original, individual a work as this with other great works of other kinds. The union of idealistic conception and realistic rendering which it reveals is almost always found when modern art is at its very best. But it also shows a union of perfect repose with strong dramatic significance, and this union is characteristic of classic art when at its best. There as here it is secured by the same expedient,—by the choice of a moment which is not the one of most vigorous action but the one in which such action is imminent.

The statue is of bronze, eleven and a half feet in height. The simple pedestal which supports it stands in the center of a platform some sixty feet in breadth by thirty in depth which is raised a few steps above the surface of a slight elevation near the entrance of Lincoln Park. Around three sides of the platform curves a stone seat upon the back of which one reads the name of Lincoln, with the dates of his birth and death, and upon the ends two characteristic citations from his own utterances. In the architectural portion of his work Mr. St. Gaudens was assisted by Mr. Stanford White, and together they have given us a monument which is the most precious the country yet possesses; which is not only our best likeness of Abraham Lincoln, but our finest work of monumental art.

THE GRAYSONS.*

A STORY OF ILLINOIS.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "Roxy," etc.



TURNING THE BIBLE.

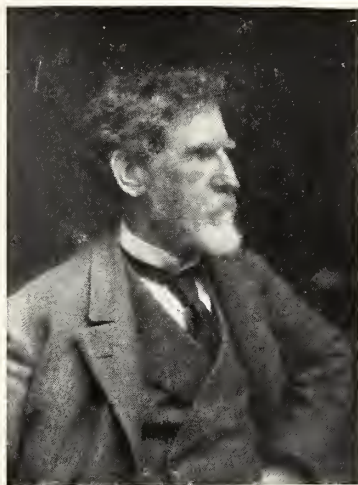
I. TURNING THE BIBLE.



HE place of the beginning of this story was a country neighborhood on a shore, if one may call it so, that divided a forest and prairie in central Illinois. The time was nearly a lifetime ago. An orange-colored sun going down behind the thrifty orchard of young apple-trees on John Albaugh's farm, put into shadow the front of a

dwelling which had stood in wind and weather long enough to have lost the raw look of newness, and to have its tints so softened that it had become a part of the circumjacent landscape. The phœbe-bird locally known as the pewee, had just finished calling from the top of the large barn, and a belated harvest-fly, or singing locust, as the people call him, was yet filling the warm air with the most summery of all summery notes—notes that seem to be felt as well as heard, pushing one another faster and yet faster

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THE REMINISCENCES OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

THE sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens in his last years wrote and dictated an autobiography racy in its descriptions and anecdotes, and characteristically modest concerning his own distinguished accomplishment in art. Extracts from this remarkable work will be given in a series of articles in *The Century*, edited by his son, Homer Saint-Gaudens, and accompanied by illustrations, consisting of portraits and photographs, and, also, by sketches and caricatures by the artist himself.

The early portion of the Reminiscences gives a vivid account of life in New York of the Civil War period, when young Saint-Gaudens was an apprentice and an ambitious student of art. Such a picture of city life from the point of view of a youth is unique in our literature. Although written in his later years, and sometimes in illness, the papers will be found to reflect strikingly the energy and vigor of mind of one of the most remarkable personalities of our times.



THE CENTURY MAGAZINE IN 1909



GROVER CLEVELAND

RECOLLECTIONS BY HIS FRIENDS

Papers are in preparation, by several hands, which will give the public an intimate view of the methods, motives, and character of the late President Grover Cleveland. These will include an illustrated article by Professor Andrew F. West, on the ex-President's life at Princeton and his very interesting and influential connection with the affairs of a great university. To many these papers will be the revelation of a unique and often misunderstood personality.

There will be many other papers of personal interest through the year, including

FAMILIAR LETTERS FROM QUEEN VICTORIA'S COURT



delightful letters from Sarah Coles Stevenson, wife of the American minister to England at the time of the accession of Queen Victoria. There will be also, by Mr. Crook and Mrs. Gerry, authors of "Andrew Johnson in the White House," the record of Mr. Crook's reminiscences of the domestic life of President Hayes in the White House.

obedience to instructions, she had laid her little boy upon the table, he was clad in all that any well-kept baby need have. The woman herself was outwardly tidy and composed.

A few people were scattered about the room, but she was unaware of them. She was studying the face of Judge Sunderland. Leaning forward, with palms on the arms of his chair, he silently regarded the wee, drawn features and waxen hands of the infant, while in his eyes was genuine concern. Presently he looked up interrogatively at the probation officer who stood at his elbow. That functionary briefly recited the facts.

"The mother abandoned the baby. She is now in the city jail. Of course she is not at all a proper person to have the child. It looks a lot better now than it did. This woman wants to keep it. Her name is Mackenna."

The baby fretted, and Jen took him back in her arms, rocked him to and fro, and snuggled his pinched little face against her cheek.

"This is a sick baby," said Judge Sunderland, and his voice was gentle; but his next words struck terror to the woman. "It should be taken to the Child-Saving Institute."

The probation officer nodded approval.

Mrs. Mackenna bit her lip. Her face grew slowly crimson, and when she spoke, her eyes filled; but the tears did not fall.

"You *ain't* goin' to take him away from me, Judge?"

The court fixed his eyes upon her. Kind eyes they were, but steady and strangely deep.

"This baby," he reasoned, "needs professional care—needs a trained nurse."

Jealously defending her cause, the woman said:

"No nurse can't train him no better 'n I can."

The probation officer tittered, but his Honor did not even smile. He was looking gravely into the woman's face.

"You jes ought t' seen what he looked like," she added, "when I got him." She laid the baby against her shoulder, and her tone changed as she continued: "Ain't you John Sunderland?"

The court nodded inquiringly.

"Don't s'pose you remember me," the woman continued quietly. "We used to go to school together. In B Sixth you

set just across the aisle. I was Jennie MacDonald."

Listeners about the court-room were smiling. The judge himself was both nonplussed and amused.

"So you are Jennie MacDonald," he said. "Yes, I remember Jennie MacDonald." And now, as he looked at the woman, he looked less amused. It was so hard to see in this person before him that pink-checked little girl in a short, checked apron who had turned clear, blue eyes upon him from across the aisle.

"Well, it don't matter," he heard her saying. "We 've both been getting along some since then. I guess you 've got along some better 'n I have. Mebbe I—I just thought mebbe—if you knew who I was, you might feel different about lettin' me have the baby."

The judicial look had returned to the man's face.

"Is your husband willing?" he questioned.

"Yes."

"Have you any children?"

The woman opened dry lips and swallowed.

"I ain't never had any."

The judge was peering intently into her face.

"Do you drink?" he asked.

Jen had been ready. She looked straight at him.

"Ve-ry seldom," she answered with emphasis.

There was a significant smile on the face of the probation officer. He conferred inaudibly with the judge. His Honor nodded deliberately. As the woman watched them talking together, the cruel red mounted slowly to her forehead, and then as slowly receded, leaving her face gray-white.

"I think you understand," Judge Sunderland began, "how necessary it is that a child, especially a child like this, should be surrounded by the best of influences. I think you know, too, how every child needs the help of good example."

He paused. The woman hoarsely articulated:

"Yes."

Then there was silence. The clack of heels outside on the marble corridor was distinctly heard in the room. The woman's face drooped forward. She put forth

her arms, with the baby upon them; she rested him upon the table. Then, slowly, carefully, she drew her arms away.

"Take him," she said. "I ain't fit."

The court waited, but the woman did not look up.

"I am sorry," he said, "I 'm sorry, Mrs. Mackenna, but I think it is best to take the baby from you. I am going to give him to some one whom I believe will make him a good mother—some one I used to know. I 'm going to give him to—Jennie MacDonald."

The woman looked at him dully.

"You understand, don't you?" he asked. "Jennie MacDonald is to have him. I 'm going to depend on her to be the kind of mother he ought to have. Are you willing to shake hands with me on that?"

Very slowly, very uncertainly, the woman got up from her chair. She reached for the baby, gathered him up greedily and pressed him tight. Then, without a syllable, across the little white bundle in her arms, she held out her hand to the judge.



THE EARLY RECOGNITION OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

THE REMINISCENCES OF AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

EDITED BY HIS SON HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

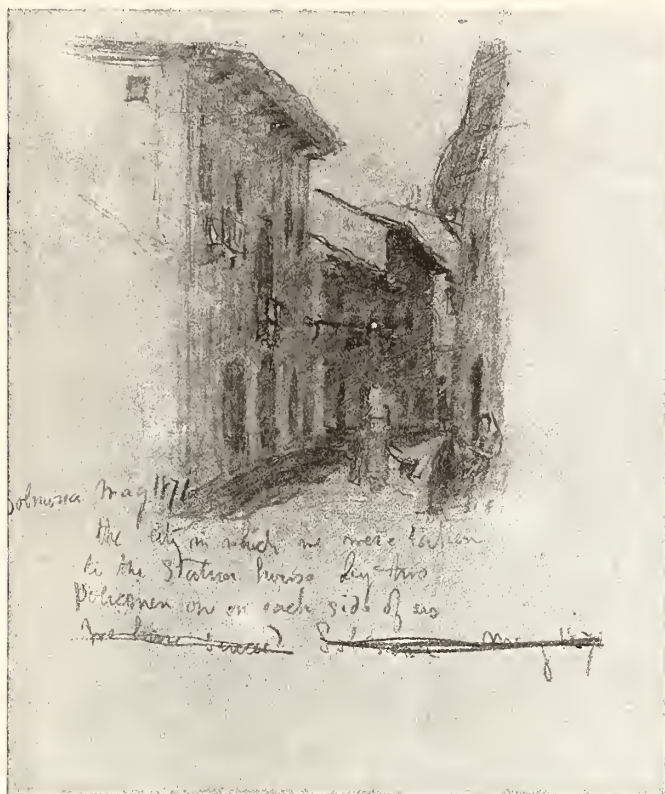
THE GIBBS COMMISSIONS—"THE HIPPOPOTAMUS" RESTAURANT—
NEW YORK COMMISSIONS—GORTELMEYER AT FOUR O'CLOCK—BUSY
DAYS IN ROME—ARRESTED AS BRIGANDS—IN NEW YORK AGAIN—
CHISELING OUT HENRY WARD BEECHER—THE SOCIETY OF
AMERICAN ARTISTS—THE FARRAGUT—MARRIAGE AND PARIS—
CRITICISMS ON SCULPTURE—WANDERINGS WITH STANFORD
WHITE—BASTIEN-LEPAGE—OTHER FRIENDS

"MY struggle to obtain a footing in Rome succeeded at last when there came to my studio, during my absence, Mr. Montgomery Gibbs, who, with his wife and two daughters, both young and attractive, lived at the Hotel Costanzi on the Via San Niccolò da Tolentino, opposite the lovely spot where we had our studio. After inquiry into the condition of my exchequer and my prospects generally, he told my studio-mate Soares that he thought he would advance me the money to cast my figure of Hiawatha, and that in return I might model the portraits of his two daughters. I recall distinctly the bright afternoon when Soares rushed over to tell me of the rich American who had been to the studio, who wished to see me, and who proposed helping me, if I could be helped. This

was one of the happiest moments in my life; for I had been certain that if I could ever get my wonderful production before the American public, I should astonish the world and settle my future. Here was the opportunity in my grasp."

Mrs. John Merrylees, who was Miss Belle Gibbs, gives another account of the meeting. As my father was often ill with Roman fever at the time, it is probably more nearly correct. She writes:

"Mr. Gibbs asked a few ladies about having a cameo cut of Mary Stuart. They told him of a young American who had designed some for them and who greatly needed work, and they gave his address to Mr. Gibbs. It was the address of Augustus Saint-Gaudens's studio. Upon going there, Mr. Gibbs found only a little boy, who told him that his master was very ill,



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VIEW IN SOLMONA, A TOWN EAST OF ROME

This sketch was made by Augustus Saint-Gaudens during the walking trip of 1871 (see page 830). The autograph is Saint-Gaudens's and reads, "Solmona May 1871, the city in which we were taken to the station-house by two policemen one on each side of us."

but that he had taken care of 'the model' and had kept it wet. He then undid the wrapping from the clay figure of Hiawatha, which so impressed Mr. Gibbs that he hastened to discover the sculptor. He found him dangerously ill in a low attic, and immediately had him removed to better quarters and nursed. On his recovery, Mr. Gibbs undertook to support him while he finished the Hiawatha, and to obtain an order for a bust from his friend Senator William M. Evarts. . . . Mr. Saint-Gaudens cut the cameo before anything else, as he said that the search for a cameo-cutter had brought him his friend, and so Mr. Gibbs's wish for a Mary Stuart must be fulfilled."

The statue of Hiawatha ultimately became the property of Mr. E. D. Morgan, and now stands in Hilton Park, Saratoga, New York.

To continue the reminiscences:

"Accordingly, I immediately began my busts of the young ladies. Then, to add to my delight, the Gibbs family, who were on intimate terms with Mr. Evarts, one day brought to my studio Miss Hettie Evarts, now Mrs. C. C. Beaman, with the result that I received, if I am not mistaken, my first commission for copies of the busts of Demosthenes and Cicero, which it was then the fashion for tourists to have made by the sculptors in Rome. And at the same date, Mr. Gibbs induced Mr. Evarts, sitting in Geneva at the Alabama Arbitration Tribunal, to consent to pose for his head on his return to America.

"Those, therefore, were days of great joy as well as of great misery, for mixed with the pleasure of a certain future was the unhappiness I suffered from Roman fever and the incessant dunning of the restaurant man who had been confident enough to trust me to the extent of a thou-

sand lire, an enormous sum at that time and under those conditions.

"The restaurant was a remarkable place, the proprietor being a fat man with an equally fat wife, both of them monstrously dirty and greasy. We dubbed him 'The Hippopotamus,' and by this name the restaurant remained known. To it came many of the men who have since become distinguished—Merson, Blanc, Mercié, Carolus Duran, and others of similar strength. The place was indescribably dirty, but extraordinarily picturesque. Besides being served by 'The Hippopotamus,' the son helped at the table. He was long, lank, and loose, and was called 'The Kangaroo.' Which of the three members of the family was the least clean is still unsettled.

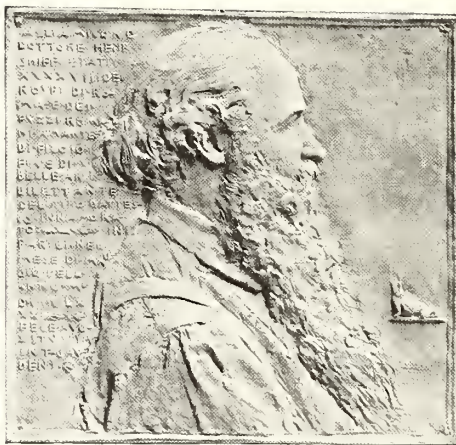
"Indeed, at this restaurant and at the Caffè Greco on the Via Condotti many of the artists of other countries and of my generation assembled at night for the inevitable little cup of black coffee. The Caffè Greco, I believe, dates back to before the days of Byron and Thackeray, and still remained in existence when I returned to Rome five years ago.

"It was at this early time that I made the acquaintance of my great comrade, Dr. Henry Schiff, whose friendship has continued until this day. I suppose that, on the whole, he exerted a more powerful influence in forming what little character I have than any other man I have ever met. He was born in New Orleans, his father a Jew and his mother a Catholic. He was educated in France, served as a surgeon in the Confederate Army during the Civil War, came to New York, where he practised a short while, and then retired to Rome."

Dr. Schiff was considerably older than my father, a man with a clear, analytical brain, of immense literary acquirement, and a dilettante in art. He has not been

in this country for many years, but lives in Italy, Spain, or Paris. He has long made a hobby of Japanese and Chinese bronzes, especially of toads and frogs, which explains to a certain extent the peculiar inscription on the bas-relief which my father modeled of him a few years after their meeting. This inscription reads:

"ALL' AMICONE DOTTORE HENRY SHIFF AETATIS XXXVII. DEI RCSPI DI ROMA E DEI PUZZI ROMANI AMANTE. DI FILOSOFIA E DI BELLE ARTI DILETTANTE. DEL TIPO GATTESCO INNAMORATO: IN PARIGI NEL MESE DI MAGGIO DELL' ANNO MDCCCLXXX."



From a photograph, copyright, 1908, by de W. C. Ward

DR. HENRY SHIFF, MODELED BY
AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

Which is translated:

"To the dear friend Doctor Henry Schiff at the age of forty-seven. Lover of the toads and smells of Rome. Dilettante in philosophy and the fine arts. Admirer of the feline type: in Paris in the month of May of the year MDCCCLXXX."

To take up the reminiscences:

"But this form of life soon ended, as Mr. Gibbs, seeing how I was held down by Roman fever, and realizing that I had been five years away from home, very kindly offered to advance me passage money with which I might go to America and return, after seeing my parents."

The trip, which lasted only for a few months, came in the autumn of 1872. My father took it with an astonishingly sure belief in his power. For, upon leaving Rome, he told Miss Florence Gibbs that though he then traveled in the steerage, it would not be long before he would cross the ocean in the cabin.

To go on with the autobiography:

"My departure, however, was far from serene, as 'The Hippopotamus' got wind of it, and awaited me at the station, to prevent my leaving until my debt had been paid. He was perfectly right. But a voluble mutual friend assured him that

by stopping me they were preventing the means of my paying them. So I reached home, to the surprised delight of my family; for, as I was a very bad correspondent and wrote to my parents only on rare occasions, I had given them no idea of my project, and marched into father's store quite without warning.

"I was not long idle in New York, however, as shortly after my arrival I began the bust of Senator Evarts in the dressing-room of his house on the north-west corner of Second Avenue and Fifteenth Street. Whereupon one thing rapidly led to another. Through Mr. Evarts, I received a commission for a bust of Mr. Edward Stoughton, and among others of Mr. Edwards Pierpont, then Attorney-General under Grant.

"Then followed an order from Mr. Elihu Root, now Secretary of State, for two copies of the busts of Demosthenes and Cicero, which made me feel richer than I have ever felt since. And lastly, Mr. L. H. Willard, an admirer of my old employer Le Brethon, on learning that I was returning to Italy, commissioned me to have a sarcophagus cut for him and to model a figure of Silence, to be placed at the head of the principal staircase in the Masonic Building on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue. The less said about that statue the better.

"With this, to me, bewildering amount of work, I sailed on the *Egypt* for Liverpool. That was a sad day, for it was the



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PEN-AND-INK SKETCH FOR A MEDALLION OF JOHN LA FARGE, MADE IN NEW YORK, PROBABLY ABOUT 1875. THE MEDALLION WAS NOT EXECUTED

last I saw of my mother, weeping on the dock, and it seems as if I had a presentiment it would be so."

In connection with this, I add a letter from my father to an old friend, written, in 1885, upon the death of his friend's mother:

DEAR —:

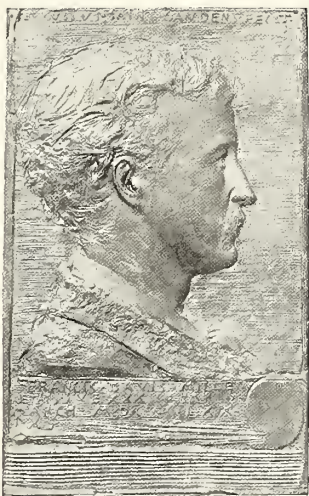
I have gone through the same grief you are having, and although at times it seemed as if I could not bear it; again, I felt that I could have no heart when it seemed as if nothing had occurred and I had a light heart. But that has all gone by. Now I know that I had a heart as regards my mother, and the trial has been like a great fire that has passed, and it seems, after all these years, as the one holy spot in my life, my sweet mother. I am with you in your grief, believe me.

Affectionately,

A. St. Gaudens.

The reminiscences continue:

"On my way to Rome I remained in Paris some months, and there I was followed from New York by my friend Gortelmeyer, a lithographer who drew beautifully and who was the son of a hautboy-player in Theodore Thomas's Orchestra. Very early one morning during this period, as I returned from some out-



FRANCIS D. MILLET. MODELED BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS IN PARIS, 1878-80



Engraved on wood by Timothy Cole

"ADORATION OF THE CROSS BY ANGELS." MODELED IN HIGH RELIEF BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS, AND PLACED IN THE CHANCEL OF ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY. DESTROYED BY FIRE AUGUST 8, 1905

of-town trip, walking along the Boulevard St. Michel, I suddenly encountered an old comrade of Rome, one of the Academy students whom I had seen, as I had the others, at the villa. A peculiarity about him was that, although austere and conscious of the honor of his position in the ordinary go of life, for some inexplicable reason he became unusually demonstrative and affectionate toward me when he imbibed more than was necessary. At this time he had evidently been indulging to a joyous degree, for he flung his arms around me and hugged me in the most exuberant Latin fashion.

"Dear me! Saint-Gaudens, where did you come from?" he exclaimed. "Great Scott! How happy I am to see you! Well, well, well! Where are you? Where have you been? What are you doing? Where are you going?" and all that a man who has a great command of language can say when started.

"I tried to escape amicably, but he would have nothing of that. He said:

"Tell me where you live."

"I gave him my address, thinking he would forget it; but after persistent and confused fumbling, he dragged forth a pencil and paper, and by some hook or crook set it down.

"At the time Gortelmeyer and I occupied the studio of my friend George Du-bois, an American painter. This was on the top floor of a tall building in the Rue des Sts.-Pères. The studio had an adjoining bedroom and a couch which served as a second bed. We took turns in occupying them, and when the concierge rang the bell to bring us our coffee, it was the duty of the one who slept in the studio to open the door at the foot of the little dark, narrow stairs. So one morning shortly after my sidewalk encounter, and during a week when I slept in the bedroom, I heard the coffee-bell ring. Then it was repeated, and then again. As Gortelmeyer evidently had not heard it, I shouted to him to go to the door. He must have been sound asleep, for at the renewed and much more violent ringing, I went down the stairs myself. It was very early, much earlier than the coffee-woman's hour, and, as I opened the door, into the dark tumbled my happy friend of Rome and the Boulevard St. Michel.

"Hello! Hello!" he shouted, as he

fumbled and rumbled up the narrow stairs, caroming from side to side in his bewildering progress. 'My gracious! how glad I am to see you!' Then he got to the top of the flight, and strange things began to happen.

"My friend Gortelmeyer, who was very long, very thin, very blond, and very near-sighted, wore as a night-shirt an undershirt so shrunk that it came down to but six or eight inches below his arms. Moreover, his first requirement on awaking was his glasses, and he always had difficulty in finding them. The noise of N—— coming up-stairs had aroused him. So by the time we arrived he was on his feet, and a spectacle for the gods, as he stood with his back toward us, bending over and fumbling around on the chair next to his bed for his glasses.

"N——, on seeing this vision, threw up his arms and shouted: 'God in Heaven, what is that? What is that?'

"Gortelmeyer,' I said, as he continued his blind, helpless search, 'for Heaven's sake, turn around!' By this time N—— was shouting and laughing fit to die. 'Let me introduce you, Mr. Gortelmeyer—Mr. N——. Mr. N——, Mr. Gortelmeyer.' And the long, thin, lank, blond Prussian in the undress I have described shook hands in the most dignified manner, in the white four o'clock light of the studio, with a short, fat, intoxicated Frenchman, until N——, shouting up to the last, sat down and begged me to let him wash his face.

"I have a dreadful headache,' he said.

"Go into the bedroom, and you will find a sponge and water,' I replied.

"There followed a great splashing, and in a moment N—— appeared crying and in an awful condition:

"*Mon Dieu!* My head has never been as dirty as this!' he bubbled. He was right, for, in the dimness of his mind, he had used the pail in which the soiled water was thrown. He was a vision.

"Shortly after this Dammouse and I went to Rome by way of Venice.

"From this point the tide began to turn in my favor, for soon after reaching Rome again, Governor Morgan, on a visit to Italy, learning of my presence there, came to call on me. The fact of my being in Rome, the charm of that city, the idyllic loveliness of the garden in which my stu-

dio was smothered, and, to be literal, its nearness to his hotel, the Costanzi, must have appealed peculiarly to him upon his realizing that here was the son of the interesting man who had made shoes for him in New York. Accordingly, at his request, I went to see him at the hotel, where he asked me what it would cost to cut in marble the statue of Hiawatha, which, through the generosity of Mr. Gibbs, I had succeeded in casting in plaster before going to America. I have forgotten what the price was—I think in the neighborhood of eight hundred dollars. He said he would give it to me if I would execute it for him for that sum. I suppose I danced with glee when I reached my studio after that visit, for here again was one of the happiest days of my life. There seem to be plenty of them as I proceed.

"Immediately I set about having the statue carved, and presently my studio was a busy place. The Hiawatha, the Silence, the portrait busts I had made, and the copies of antiques, were being cut in marble. I was working away upon the busts of the two daughters of Mr. Gibbs,—I must confess to a weak spot for one of them,—and I was beginning the studies of statues with which I was to embellish the world. The first represented Mozart, nude, playing the violin. Why under heaven I made him nude is a mystery. The second displayed a Roman slave holding young Augustus on the top of a Pompeian column and crowning him with laurel. This group a sarcastic, but good-natured friend said looked like a locomotive.

"At this time, in company with George Dubois, the landscape-painter, and Ernest Mayor, a Swiss architect, I made a walking trip from Rome to Naples. Mayor, as short as Dubois was tall, stood about five feet six in height, most of which was body and head and beard. His short legs seemed to be constructed behind his body and joined on in a funny way. We took the cars sometimes, the diligence frequently, and donkey-back often, but for the most part we footed it through the heart of the Calabrian mountains. There we were told that this was dangerous business, as there were brigands at large; and so, in consequence, we ostentatiously displayed revolvers at our belts.

"One morning on arriving at some town in the center of the district, each went in a different direction to make sketches. Presently a big gendarme touched me on the shoulder and asked me for my passport. I feigned ignorance of Italian, but he insisted. I showed him my card, yet that did not appease him; the result being that we marched together to the city hall of the place. There I was locked in a room in which, plastered on the wall, was a printed poster offering so many thousand francs for the capture, dead or alive, of three brigands, and describing their names and build. Shortly after my arrival, Mayor was brought in, and he was soon followed by Dubois. With a gendarme passing to and fro outside the door, we were kept in this room for a long while before we were brought into the presence of the *sindaco*, which corresponds to the mayor of our towns. He endeavored to have us explain in Italian what we were about. But finding that difficult business, he presently questioned us in French, which he spoke admirably, with the result that in a short time we were dismissed with good wishes and with the advice not to show our weapons so openly, and to carry regular passports.

"On arriving at Naples, we walked along the divine road to Sorrento. It seems impossible to give in words the impression of the charm that pervaded that journey. We were, of course, in the full glow of youth and health, which made it all the more wonderfully beautiful. The view through the perfumed orange and lemon groves of the wonderful bay of Naples, with Ischia in the distance, made that day one upon which it could be said with truth that life was worth living. We loafed around at Sorrento, and finally rowed over to Capri the immortal. Of course no one who has ever been to Capri can forget it and its impressions; but the dominant note to me, as I look back, is the fields of flowers—fields and fields of flowers. It was like an enchantment; that and a religious procession passing through the narrow, white-walled streets, where the inhabitants literally flung bushels of flowers over the priests and their followers, as they chanted their religious hymns. We were seated on a height, where we could see the windings of the procession

and the shower of flowers that became almost too fairy-like and dream-like to be true.

"We returned to Rome, where shortly after I met Miss Augusta F. Homer, who later became Mrs. Saint-Gaudens. This time I remained in that city for two years or thereabouts, making five years in all of residence in the seductive spot, during most of which time I had the advantage of being thrown in with charming Italian families and, by living there in the summer months, of seeing the spontaneous Italian life. The concerts on the Piazza Colonna on those warm nights when the soft air, the lovers, the ease of it all, so far from the stress of existence here, form some unforgettable memories.

"But at last, when my marbles were finished, I went back to America. I had succeeded, meanwhile, in getting rid of all my money, so that the first years of my stay in New York were the usual hard ones of artists' beginnings. I took a studio on the corner of Fourteenth Street and Fourth Avenue, in the German Savings Bank Building, which still stands as I write. There was no elevator; it goes without saying that it was before the advent of the sky-scraper. The first floor was occupied by the bank, the second floor by offices, while the third contained rooms rented out to Odd Fellows Lodges for occasional meetings in the evening. The inconveniences of the building and its restrictions were probably the cause of the non-rental of the offices on the second floor. I was the first tenant, and for a long time the only one, so that it became sad business going up this iron staircase alone, and walking across the big corridor to my room, my lonely steps echoing through the hall. However, this was in a large measure lost on the light-heartedness of my youth.

"The engineer of the German Savings Bank Building was a man of middle height, portly, good-natured, with very curly black hair, which seemed to be dripping grease, a big, heavy, black mustache, and all the appearance of what one would call a 'Forty-niner.' He had a hair-lip, which made him speak with a nasal twang that seemed to proceed from some place between the roof of his mouth and the back of his nose. The letter 'N' was the dominating note in his words. In fact,

he could not get rid of it. Because of my dislike of America and its conditions,—the dislike common to young men of my age and frame of mind on their return to America,—I cast about for something to recall the paradise of my place in Rome until I came upon an idea. I would turn on the water into the little wash-basin and let it run continuously with a gentle trinkle, and thus recall the sound of the fountain in the garden at Rome.

"One day, soon after, Mr. Engineer paid me a visit. At the end of a few moments' stay, while gazing at the washstand, he said:

"'N what are you lettin' that water n run for?'"

"I felt that a very peculiar situation, and one difficult of explanation, had arisen, and that I must come down to his level; so I said:

"'You know I have been living in Rome, in a very lovely spot. There was a fountain in the garden. I was so fond of it, and I am so blue here, I thought I could recall Rome by letting the water run and hearing that same sound. Of course that may seem strange to you, but that is what it is.'

"'Now I know where n that leak has been! N I 've been huntin' all over n the buildin' to find it. N I have been pumpin' water up here for three weeks and wonderin' where it had gone to. N you 'll have to n let up on that, young man!'"

"You can imagine his shoveling coal into the furnace below in order to increase the pressure which was to supply the poet up-stairs with the romantic sound necessary to his well-being. You can still further imagine the reduction on the interest of the German depositors coming from this extra consumption.

"Another incident which lent diversity to this dreary period of my life took place because of a cast made by a sculptor, a friend of mine, who occupied an adjoining room. He wished to model a bust, and, to do this, proposed taking a mold from the living face of his sitter. That is no trifling matter even to an expert, and it showed the boldness of the novice that notwithstanding my protestations, my friend undertook it without ever having cast anything before. He wished me to help him; but I told him that I should

wash my hands of the affair if he tried it. He disappeared.

"Presently he rushed into my room, crying, 'For Heaven's sake, come!'"

"In his studio, which was already one of monumental disorder, confusion, and dirt, stretched out on an old sofa, lay his subject with a solid mass of hard plaster about two inches thick enveloping his head; while the whole room, wall, ceiling, boxes, and floor, was covered with the great splatterings of the plaster thrown wildly about by my friend in the process of this extraordinary proceeding.

"There were the usual quills in the sitter's nose; but the weight of the cast was so great that we could hear him mumble under it, praying us to get it off quickly or he would die. It was really serious business, this taking it off, as we had to bang at the plaster with chisel and hammer. Fortunately, there was no ill result other than a good bit of the subject's eyelashes being torn away and his clothes being ruined. He was one of those happy men, however, who take everything with cheerfulness. The death of my tormentor would have been my only satisfaction had I undergone the sufferings he was put to."

My uncle, Mr. Louis Saint-Gaudens, tells me that the sculptor of this story was Edmund Palmer, who was making a cast of Henry Ward Beecher.

To take up the reminiscences again:

"At this time the beginnings of the Society of American Artists came about, for my part, through one of my Roman sketches—the only one which endured; the others went to the oblivion they deserved. The composition I refer to was that of a young girl lying on her face on a low couch, dandling an infant in her arms. As I recall it, and from the pen-and-ink drawing I still possess,—no, that also went in the fire which burned my studio,—it had an ingenuous charm that I doubt very much my ability to achieve today. This sketch I had brought with me to America, and its rejection by the National Academy of Design angered me so that, four or five others being in the same recalcitrant state of mind, the Society of American Artists was formed by us. After years of increasing success, that society is, at the date I am writing, merging back into the Academy of Design, enmity to which had brought it into existence.

The field is open for another society of younger, protesting men. It is only proper to say that the rejection of the sketch was justifiable. It was entirely too unfinished a product to be exhibited, particularly considering the general attitude of artists at that time."

Of the Society, Mr. R. W. Gilder has written me:

I have often said that The Society of American Artists was founded on the wrath of Saint-Gaudens. You know Mrs. Gilder was a student in those days, first at the Cooper Institute and then at the Academy schools. She belonged to the new Art Students' League which was a revolt from the Academy school. Just then the old Academicians were carrying things with a pretty high hand, so I spoke to a few of the younger men of our American renaissance about starting a new organization. When I mentioned it to your father he said that the time had not quite come. But one day,—just thirty years ago last Saturday, June first, 1877,—he rang the bell at the iron gate at 103 East Fifteenth Street. It was noon, and I was home for lunch. I ran down to the gate, and I tell you there was a high wind blowing! Your revered father was as mad as hops. He declared that they had just thrown out a piece of sculpture of his from the Academy exhibit, and that he was ready to go into a new movement. I told him to come around that very evening. We sent, in addition, for Walter Shirlaw and Wyatt Eaton, and the Society of American Artists was that night founded by Walter Shirlaw, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Wyatt Eaton and Helena de Kay Gilder, your humble servant acting as secretary, though Wyatt Eaton was the nominal secretary. Clarence Cook, the critic, was present, but not as a member.

To continue with the reminiscences:

"Here, too, in the German Savings Bank Building, were brought to me, by I do not know whom, a couple of redheads who have been inextricably mixed up in my life ever since, as will be seen as we proceed. I speak of Stanford White and Charles F. McKim. White, who at that time was studying with Richardson, then had much to do with the designing of Trinity Church in Boston. He was drawn to me by hearing me bawl the 'Andante' of the 'Seventh Beethoven Symphony,'

and the 'Serenade' from Mozart's 'Don Giovanni,' as he ascended the German Savings Bank stairs. He was a great lover of music. I gave a false impression, for my knowledge came only from having heard the 'Andante' from Le Brethon ten or fifteen years before, and the 'Serenade' from a howling Frenchman in the Beaux Arts who could shout even louder than I, and sang it in a singularly devilish and comic way. McKim I met later on. A devouring love for ice-cream brought us together.

"Meanwhile my affairs remained in such a state that I did some teaching, which required fabulous exertion. For that old friend of my father's, Dr. Agnew, then living on the Hudson opposite Dobbs Ferry, had a number of children to whom I gave lessons in drawing. It seemed to me as if I started out at day-break on those hot summer days, taking the cars to Dobbs Ferry, where I stood on the dock and, with a string, pulled a wooden arm which branched out of the top of a pole to indicate to the man with a boat on the other bank of the river, a mile or two away, that somebody wanted to cross. Then a speck on the water approaching was the ferryman, who had seen the sign and was coming over to take me back. On landing, I climbed a steep hill in the hot sun and taught the young pupils, who, I am afraid, were not as much interested in what I said as they should have been. They have since become among the most charming of my friends. After an hour or so with them, I descended the hill, crossed the river in the rowboat, took the train, which deposited me at Thirtieth Street on the North River, and walked over to Twenty-third Street, where I arrived at one o'clock more dead than alive."

Also during this period my father entered his only competition, one for a statue of Charles Sumner. The seated model, about two and one half feet high, represented Sumner in his senator's chair, his head thrown back and a little to one side, one hand vigorously braced against an arm of the chair, as if he were about to rise and speak in earnest debate, the other hand holding a scroll. The pose was full of action—too full, my father used to say, laughing at himself. He worked upon it all one spring in the office of his future

father-in-law, Mr. Thomas J. Homer, in the Studio Building of Boston, Massachusetts. At the end of that time the committee, which had hitherto insisted upon a seated figure, brushed aside all the submitted designs and competitors, and gave the commission to another for a standing figure. The lack of faith shown by those in charge so angered my father that he not only never again went into a competition, but even refused to submit sketches of any idea until a commission had been definitely awarded him; while with the tenacity with which he clung to any thought or feeling, he fought through all his life, and up to the month of his death, for some just method of guiding competitions in this country, so that younger sculptors should have fairer opportunities.

To return to the reminiscences:

"Chief among the various kinds of sculpture I made at the time, I must speak of my first association with Mr. John La Farge in the execution of the 'King' monument to go in the cemetery at Newport, Rhode Island. Part of the work I modeled in Mr. La Farge's studio in that town. But it was absolutely his design, and possessed that singular grace, elevation, nobility, and distinction which are characteristic of whatever he touches. I was the tool that modeled for him, as I was in the painting I subsequently did for him as an assistant in his decoration of Trinity Church in Boston. Those again were great days. He had with him as assistants at that time, Mr. Francis Lathrop, Mr. Francis Millet, and Mr. George Maynard. There is no doubt that my association with Mr. La Farge has been a spur to higher endeavor, equal to, if not greater than, any other I have ever received from outside sources. Those who have the honor of knowing him can at once understand this statement. I am not able, however, to mention with good taste all that I feel and should like to say about his influence."

My father was constant in both spoken and written praise of Mr. La Farge and his influence. For instance, on October 10, 1903, he wrote on this subject in a letter to Mr. La Farge:

"Later on I picked up 'McClure's,' where your articles on Millet, Rousseau, and Corot made the same impression that your work and my relations with you have

always made and inspired in me to do the right and big thing."

To return to the reminiscences:

"Perhaps the most definitely helpful moment of all fell one day in the sad studio in the German Savings Bank Building when La Farge saw some of the Pisano reliefs of the fifteenth century, and when to my expressed despair of ever attempting to do medallions after looking at those achievements, he said quietly and incisively:

"Why not? I don't see why you should not do as well."

"This is no doubt the reason I have modeled so many medallions since, though I fear I have fallen far short of what promise of achievement he saw in me.

"But again an end to the bad condition of my affairs came about in the following manner. I had occasion to see Governor Morgan one day, and, after questioning me, he said:

"I think there is a statue of Admiral Farragut to be erected in New York. Do you know anything about it?"

"No."

"Go and see Cisco."

"Mr. John D. Cisco was a banker very prominent in affairs at that time. I took Governor Morgan's advice and visited him.

"Yes," said Mr. Cisco, "we have eight thousand dollars for a statue to Farragut, but before deciding to whom it is to go, we shall have to have a meeting."

"A meeting followed in a few days, and subsequently Governor Morgan told me the work had been awarded to me, but, to his great surprise, 'only by the skin of the teeth,' five of the committee having voted for giving the commission to a sculptor of high distinction, and six of them for awarding it to me. Again another glorious day!"

The real incident was not as brief as my father has expressed it. Indeed, in the hope of obtaining the monument, he first made a sketch of Farragut's head on his own account, since all his life he was anxious to create statues of the nation's heroes. Typical of this lasting desire is a portion of a letter which he wrote to Mr. Charles Keck on January 16, 1906:

"I have such respect and admiration for the heroes of the Civil War that I consider it my duty to help in any way to commemorate them in a noble and digni-

fied fashion worthy of their great services, and you can always refer to me."

Moreover, after the time of my father's sketch there followed months of plans and counter-plans directed toward securing the monument. In the midst of this period my mother went to the Azores for the winter, and the one great interest and excitement in the letters that passed between them was as to whether or no he would obtain the Farragut. I should mention, in view of my father's anxiety during all his life to help young sculptors, that the commission finally came to him to a large extent through the kindly assistance of Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, who then had gained his firmly established reputation.

To take up the reminiscences:

"Following the Farragut commission, Governor Dix, to whose family my father was furnishing shoes, immediately asked if I would model a statue of Robert Richard Randall, for Sailors' Snug Harbor, Staten Island, so that before I knew it I had the making of two public monuments. While, to cap all, La Farge commissioned me to execute those bas-reliefs for the reredos of St. Thomas's Church which were destroyed by fire during the past year [1905], along with his masterpieces on each side of them.

"The receipt of these commissions settled another serious question which had been pending for a long while—my marriage, which took place at once, on June 4, 1877, at Roxbury, Massachusetts. My wife and I came back to New York on the following day, and the next morning sailed for Liverpool, just in time to see the last two days of the French Salon."

Since my father's work had now become established, I quote from a speech and certain letters which later he wrote to young sculptors, as his criticisms reflect some of those qualities which he always desired to see in his own productions. The speech was upon the Roman Academy:

In the repeated attacks that are made on the Roman Academy and on the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and in the incessant cry for greater freedom in the development of the artistic mind, there is a certain truth. But in the reaction the pendulum swings too far, and the real question is lost sight of. There

is a middle ground on which to stand. It seems to be rarely realized that the very men who are shown as examples were, if not actually brought up in the school of Rome, all men of a thorough academic training. Only after such training does the mind become sufficiently mature and the individual personality so developed as to be able to indulge in unqualified freedom and liberty of expression.

Rodin, one of the leaders of the movement against academic education, has had a most thorough and arduous training during the early years of his career, and I am of the opinion that that training, instead of dwarfing or minimizing his extreme power of expression, has been of enormous assistance to it. Leaving out of the question the exhaustive early study of the great masters of the past, Michelangelo and others, and coming to our own times, to the brilliant men of the French school, we find that all have had the same early experience. Paul Dubois, one of the masters of French art, although not a member of the Villa Medici, had a training fully equal to that which could be gained there, and is one of its strongest supporters. Houdon, Rude, Falguière, men whose work lives and breathes with divine fire, were trained there. Pavis de Chavannes and Baudry, to enter another domain, I may add to my list. It is needless to say that none of these were injured by it.

Sculpture is no more exempt from the necessity of thorough preparation than is music, architecture, or any of the arts and sciences. Only constant diligence and earnest application in early years, harnessed with a natural talent, gives us master workmen.

The disastrous results to those who ape the mannerisms of such masters as Rodin and Monet, and follow in their wake, are pathetic in their futility and weakness when they are not comic, and their failure leaves them not

only bad artists, but—and here I come to what I consider the main point of my contention—weak and crude workmen in whatever else they do. . . .

The first letter was written September 18, 1902:

"The nude woman with the veil is a good figure, but lacks individuality. It is a well-constructed, well-modeled study of a woman, with rather short legs. The short legs were not worth perpetuating. You should have made them longer. The modeling is a little tight. The head and drapery could be pushed much farther. The sentiment is timid.

"The David is very much better in every respect than the things I have spoken of before. The modeling is very much better, freer, and firmer. My only quarrel with it would be that it is a little 'cock-de-doodle-doo,' in character, a little what I call 'Frenchy,' although that is not a fair term to employ when it is considered that the best modern sculpture is

French—sculpture that we take our hats off to—and that 'Frenchy' is the last word to apply to the masterpieces of French art.

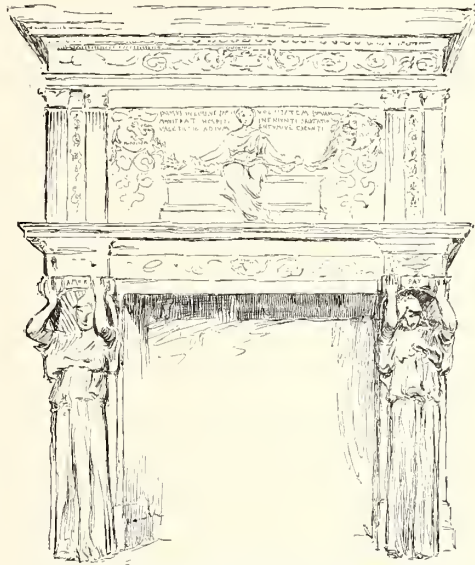
"The little figure on the lamp is charming, and in most respects is the best of all. It shows the influence of Mr. Vedder, and nothing could be better. I like it very much indeed.

"Your little sketches all seem very good as far as I can see them, but they are too indistinct for me to express my opinion.

"I think your idea of doing the Boxer, the Shot-putter and the Lacrosse player excellent. . . ."

The second letter, dated February 26, 1905, is to Mr. Henry L. Taylor:

"You ask me to characterize my admiration for Mr. Flanagan's statue. I think it is admirable, because it is forceful and



SAINT-GAUDENS'S DESIGN FOR THE CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE HOUSE OF THE LATE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT

masculine work. It is well drawn, well constructed, and well composed from every point of view, and there is not the slightest trace of the prettiness, or amateurishness, which is the bane of the majority of statues erected in this country."

The third and fourth letters to Mr. Henry M. Shrady are dated February 7, and 14, 1906:

"I thank you for sending me the photograph of your statue of Washington at Valley Forge. It certainly is admirable in line and character. My only quarrel with it would be that the way the coat is flung from under the right arm on the left shoulder, although very handsome, might seem too romantic, unless it is a way that a cloak could be, and was so, used. In this event, I think the doing of it as you have an excellent idea. I feared that it might be a thing that was never done, but I do not know. The other point, and one which is more serious, is the character of the modeling of the cloak and sleeve; they look sloppy in treatment. There again I may be misled by the photograph, but I care a good deal for the close and careful rendering of form in sculpture, such as the modeling of the groups in the pediment of the Parthenon and the drawings of Holbein and Ingres. We cannot go far wrong in following in their steps."

And again:

"I congratulate you on the lines, sentiment, and character of the group. It is admirable from every point of view.

"Perhaps I would n't turn the toes of the General out so much. I think if they were in, they would be handsomer in line as well as stronger-looking. . . .

"As to the Grant monument, I am sorry you are having trouble about the limit of time. It certainly is a colossal undertaking, and you should be given ample time to develop it to its fullest completion. It is so refreshing to find a sculptor who is willing to put all the time necessary on a great public monument, when one reflects on the way so much impressive work is rushed through with such shameful results. If I can be of assistance to you in this matter, I am at your service."

The reminiscences continue:

"On my arrival in Paris, I took a little studio in an attractive part of the city not

far from the Arc de Triomphe, and began at once on the St. Thomas reliefs. I worked rapidly, as was necessary, and in a short time they were despatched to America."

Indeed, my father was forced for once to model with astonishing speed. Moreover, upon this task he began experiments in a direction that always interested him—the painting of sculpture, with the result that the angels were finally set up covered with many varying, though low, tones of color.

To go on with the reminiscences:

"Thereupon we packed up our belongings and went back to beloved Rome. There I hired a studio on the Piazza Barberini and immediately began my sketches for the statue of Farragut.

"I had hardly been installed, however, before I received word from Mr. D. Maitland Armstrong, asking if I would be one of three to comprise the jury for the American Art Exhibit in the International Exposition at Paris, which was about to take place. This was an honor which I immediately accepted. Back we packed to Paris. There I hired an enormous studio in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs in order to begin the large statue of Farragut. This place had originally been a public ball-room, and subsequently a printing establishment of one of the big publishers of Paris. For my family I hired an apartment in the Rue Herschell, where Mr. Armstrong lived with us during the period of the exposition business, and our Parisian life began.

"We did some bold things on the jury, Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Detmold, and I, and, if my memory serves me rightly, probably some unjust ones, in the rashness and enthusiasm of youth and, so far as I was concerned, in my rôle of 'righter of wrongs,' as my friend Bion once dubbed me. I certainly now hold in high esteem the works of men whom, I recall, I then estimated as below the line of my high-reaching vision. These were the members of what is known as the 'Hudson River School.' I recall no specific injustice, but we should have been divine if we had not fallen into some. Nevertheless, Mr. Armstrong managed it with great tact, and the result was very much to the credit of America.

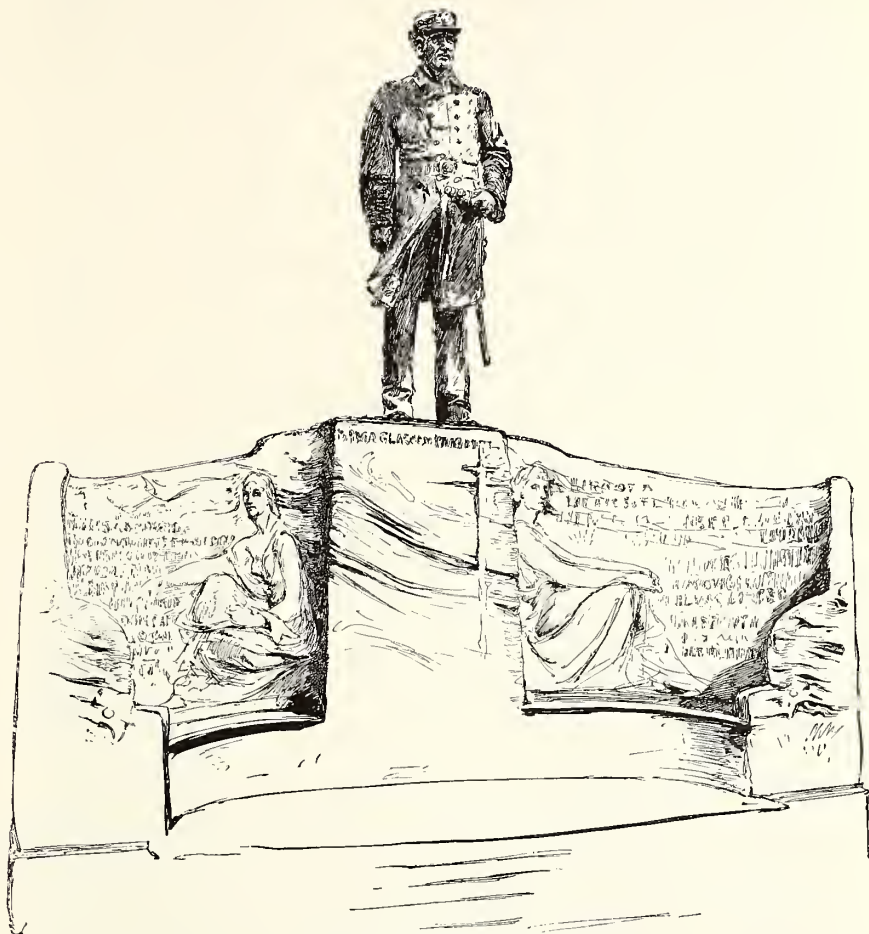
"In the two years I passed here there

was little of the adventurous swing of life that pervaded my previous struggles. The dominant break in it, and one that was certainly interesting, was the arrival of Mr. Stanford White, who lived with us and my brother Louis. Our home was White's headquarters, whence he darted

my father's usual remarks that a sculptor always biased his figures in the direction of his bodily peculiarities, White replied with truth, "Yes; and you've made Farragut toe in like yourself."

The reminiscences continue:

"These endless excursions kept up for



From a pen sketch by Robert Blum

THE FARRAGUT MONUMENT IN MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY, MODELED BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS; THE PEDESTAL DESIGNED BY STANFORD WHITE

off in extraordinarily vigorous excursions to the towns surrounding Paris that contain those marvels of Gothic architecture of which he was an adorer."

At this time, too, White composed and made studies for the base of the Farragut monument. His pedestals, thereafter, always pleased my father, and on this occasion especially the two men were well satisfied with what they accomplished. A story is told of those days that to one of

about six months, I believe, until White was joined by his great friend McKim. Then the three of us, all redheads, took a trip down the Rhone, the idea coming from my experience years before in the French war, when for economy's sake I had proposed going to Marseilles in that way. The towns along the river's bank were then full of Gothic and particularly Roman architecture, and it was with high anticipations that we boarded the long,



Engraved on wood by Timothy Cole

SAINT-GAUDENS'S ANGEL FOR THE TOMB OF GOVERNOR E. D. MORGAN

narrow boat one day at Lyons, to journey in it to Avignon.

"This was a great and diversified trip—diversified both by the beauty and austere character of the country we went through and by comic experiences. The steamer, of the same proportions as our canal-boats, sailed down the rapid current of the yellow Rhone at an extraordinary rate of speed. We passed under stone bridges and by towns with churches with stone spires, beneath a Southern sun tempered by the breeze of the swiftly moving boat. The breeze was not enough, however, to temper the smell of garlic which pervaded our ship from the tip of her bow to the end of her stern. She was thoroughly impregnated, inside and outside, upside and down, and in every direction, with that perfume. We were in the land of garlic, and there was no doubt about it.

"Night had fallen when we arrived at Avignon, and there I met the repetition of the delightful feeling of the South and of the narrow thoroughfares of the Italian towns, as we wandered through the city after having left our bags at the hotel. It was certainly pleasant to hear the sound of a Beethoven sonata floating from an open window into the warm summer night of the silent streets.

"In a short time our passion for ice-cream asserted itself, but there seemed to be no public place or café where we could find our beloved refreshment. Inquiry from a solitary passer-by led to a reply that vividly recalled my father and the ardent South.

"'Is there a café in this town where we can get some ices?'

"'Most certainly.'

"'Would you be kind enough to tell us where it is?'

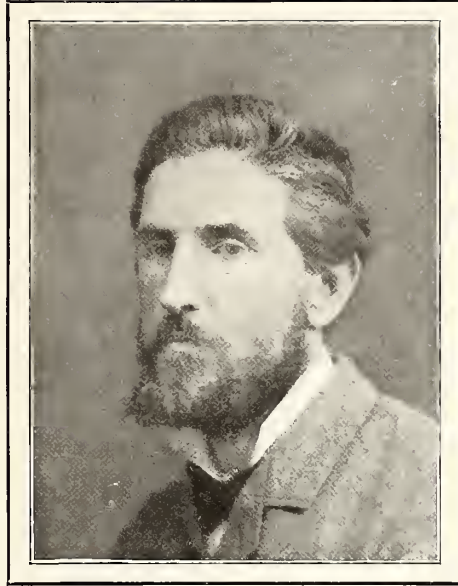
"'Why, yes, yes. Go down this street until you come to the third street on your left; follow that two blocks; then take the first on your right; then keep straight ahead, and you will come out on the public square. 'There is the café, which you will have no difficulty in finding, for,' with a large sweeping gesture, 'it occupies the entire place.'

"With visions of the enormous cafés of Marseilles and the Paris Boulevards, we followed his instructions. But where we had been given an impression of a square second only to the Place de la Concorde of Paris, we found a little widening in the street, and in one corner of it a diminutive café, dismal beyond description and lighted by what was dim enough to be feeble candle-light, even if it was not that. Our informer had stated truly, however: it occupied 'the entire place.'

"We returned to Paris, and McKim and White went back to America shortly after; while I, since the Farragut was ready to go to the bronze founder, left the

ball-room studio in which I had completed it and took a less ambitious one in the Impasse du Maine. There I began the model for the statue of Robert Richard Randall, as well as the sketches for the figures that were to go over a mausoleum Governor Morgan had commissioned me to do for him in Hartford, Connecticut.

"At this time, too, through a mutual French friend, I met Bastien-Lepage, who was then in the height of the renown he had achieved by his painting of 'Joan of Arc.' This picture Mr. Irwin Davis subsequently purchased and, at my earnest recommendation, gave to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Lepage was short, bullet-



Copyright, 1908, by Augusta H. Saint-Gaudens

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

From a photograph taken in Paris about 1878-80.



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CARICATURE OF HIMSELF BY AUGUSTUS
SAINT-GAUDENS

This is not his usual profile caricature, such as the one at the end of the letter to Mr. Charles McKim. (See pages 594 and 595 of *THE CENTURY* for February.)

headed, athletic, and dandified in dress; at any rate, he was so in comparison with the majority of my friends. I recall his having been at the Beaux Arts during the period I studied there, and my disliking him for this general cockiness. He asked if I would make a medallion of him in exchange for a portrait of myself. Of course I agreed to the proposal, and as his studio was not far from mine, the medallion was modeled during a period when he was unable to work on account of a sprained ankle. He moved away shortly afterward, and I saw little of him excepting for the four hours a day when I posed for the full-length sketch he made of me. This painting also was destroyed in the fire spoken of before."

The portrait Lepage painted of my father, though in detail not distinctly resembling him, in the whole gave very clearly the feeling of his personality. While my father modeled the medallion in exchange, he was often much amused by Lepage telling him not to make the hands too large. For the painter gave as an excuse for his vanity the reason that the hands were of small importance in

comparison with the rest of the figure. Also, as the result of this medallion, which Lepage showed to the Princess of Wales, now Queen of England, whom he was painting, my father was asked by her to make a portrait of the present King. Unfortunately, because of the approach of my birth, my parents could not remain in Europe, so the commission fell through.

The reminiscences say:

"It was at this time that I made the medallions of Maynard, Millet, Picknell, Shiff, and Bunce, which I exhibited at the Paris Salon along with the statue of Faragut, in 1879.

"Now also I met Will H. Low for the first time, and Carroll Beckwith, Kenyon Cox, Edwin H. Blashfield, and John S. Sargent, the latter a tall, rather slim, handsome fellow. He was already in the public eye through his portrait of his master Carolus Duran, and consequently his appearance at first sight remains in my mind distinctly. Shortly after that, in exchange for a copy of the medallion of Bastien-Lepage, he gave me a delightful water-color of a female figure made at Capri. This went in the flames."

At that period, too, my father developed a marked friendship for Mr. William Gedney Bunce, who set up his easel in one corner of my father's studio. Mr. Bunce was then making a name for himself through his wonderfully brilliant paintings of Venice; and of all his colors he loved yellow the best. On account of this passion, my father and White returned to the apartment one evening coated with yellow, and, in response to my mother's exclamation of horror, explained:



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CARICATURE OF WILLIAM GEDNEY BUNCE
BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

"'Bunce had a yellow day.'

"'A yellow day?'

"'A yellow day. He took to smearing that color across one of his Venetian sketches, so we got rid of him while we wiped it off—over everything handy.'"

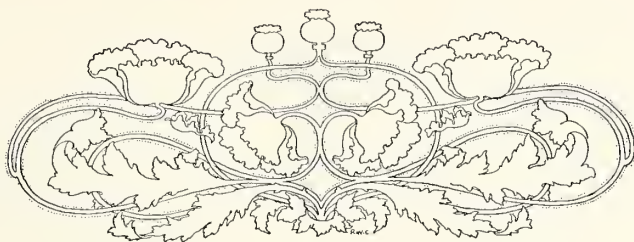
Another adventure of a more daring character was brought about at nearly the same time by an impecunious friend who found that his creditors had seized his pictures just as he planned to return to America. My father, remembering "The Hippopotamus" and Rome, volunteered aid. So, with the help of a second acquaintance, they waited until midnight when the concierge was asleep and then with stockinged feet, a dark lantern, and a "jimmy" broke into the painter's own

studio after the approved fashion of real burglars and stole his own paintings. The painter is now a well-known American artist.

To conclude with reminiscences, my father writes:

"And together with these friends I engaged in the enthusiastic meetings incited by the bold and admirably written articles of Clarence Cook, attacking the conservatism of the Academy of Design—articles which made a great commotion in the art circles of New York at that period. We voted endless resolutions and indorsements of what he said, after the usual discussions and schisms that occur when a lot of young men try to do something. But nothing came of it."

(To be continued)



UNRECORDED

BY E. B. FINDLAY

I, BOASTFUL Science, of thy gains
Come now to ask my part;
Answer me now, for all my pains,
The longing of my heart.
For those upon the ocean's breast,
Far off from either shore,
Thou markest on an air-wave's crest
If gold be less or more.
Thou who hast spanned the trackless deep,
Without a wire or line,
Across the space of one night's sleep,
Come, give to me a sign
From her who into silence fared
With her small hand in mine.

Back, through vibrating waves of thought,
My longing beats her wings;
Baffled and faint, with failure fraught,
No sign nor record brings.
All I have learned, all I have taught,
They seem such useless things!



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. See "Open Letters"

PORTRAIT OF MRS. W——, FROM THE PAINTING BY MAURICE FROMKES
(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

GIVEN GAUDENS' LINCOLN PORTRAIT

NOTABLE PRESENTATION TO S.
OF V. UNIVERSITY AT MASON
CITY BY LADIES OF G. A. R.

Special to The Daily Nonpareil.

MASON CITY, IA., Feb. 12.—Mrs. Della R. Henry of Kansas City, Mo., national president of the Ladies of the Grand Army here today, presented the Sons of Veterans' Memorial University a life size St. Gaudens' portrait of Lincoln. The presentation was the feature of exercises held in celebration of Lincoln's birthday. Mrs. Henry's address was warmly applauded.

"I present this portrait," she said, "in the name of the 50,000 women of the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic, who are bound by ties of blood and marriage to the noble men who went forth at the call of Lincoln to battle for the union in the great struggle, from '61 to '65."

"May this day," said she, "mark an epoch in your school and from this time forth may the face of this most wonderful man, the gentlest character in all history, as it looks down upon you, inspire you to higher ideals and instil into your lives a greater pride that you are citizens of this great republic.

"We do not offer this picture as a mere decoration for your walls, but as a lesson in patriotism. The real wealth of a nation lies in the character and achievements of her great men, and there stands at the head of this great host the name of Abraham Lincoln."

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 12.—Lincoln's birthday anniversary was officially observed here only by adjournment of congress.

In the same number of this magazine will appear the opening portion of the autobiography of the late Augustus Saint-Gaudens. The sculptor's boyhood is dealt with therein, and there are passages containing particularly interesting references to his early studies and his life in New York. He mentions one "memorable and weird experience—that of the Draft Riots":

Leaving my work because Le Brethon, in some excitement, had told me to go home one afternoon at an early hour, I noticed the strange appearance of the absolutely deserted streets,—no omnibuses on Broadway, which was always crowded at that hour,—and not a soul, wagon, car, or anything that seemed alive on Third Avenue as I turned into it. A moment later a man or so with a gun running in the distance gave the only signs that the city was not a dead one. Then I recollect vividly my pounding upstairs, and the wild taking me into her arms by my mother, who had been in a paroxysm of fear as to what had become of me, the others of the brood already resting safe at home. Later on, as the storm lessened, it was strange to see two cannon posted in Twenty-first street, at the northwest corner of Gramercy Park, pointing due east in the direction of the rioters.

Then came the news of Lincoln's assassination. I recall father and mother weeping as he read of it to us in the morning at breakfast before starting for work. Later I saw Lincoln lying in state in the City Hall, after joining the interminable line that formed somewhere down Chatham street and led up by his bier at the head of the staircase. I went back to the end of the line to look at him again. This completed my vision of the big man. But the funeral, which I viewed from the roof of the old Wallack's Theatre, on Broome street, revived the profound solemnity of my impression with seeing every one uncover as the funeral car went by.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company

OFFICE AUDITOR OF DISBURSEMENTS

G. H. PRYOR,
AUDITOR OF DISBURSEMENTS
S. W. HILL,
ASST. AUDITOR OF DISBURSEMENTS

BALTIMORE, MD.

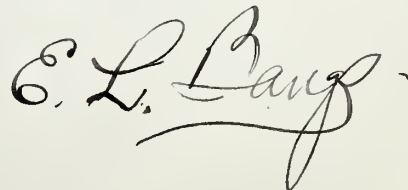
May 7th, 1927

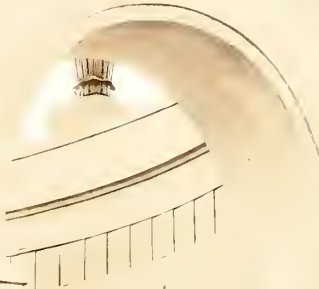
IN REPLYING QUOTE FILE NO.

Dear Friend Griffith:-

Some time ago, I sent to Philadelphia to a friend of mine to secure, if possible, a couple of photographs of the Illinois State Building at the Sesqui-Centennial, which I had seen during its erection, and which I knew contained a heroic sized replica of the St. Gaudens Lincoln which is located at the entrance to Lincoln Park, in Chicago.

My friend got in touch with Mr. Cardinell, the Official Photographer of the Exposition, and Mr. Cardinell sent me two 8 x 10 photographs post paid for \$1.50. The envelope in which they came contained two protective pieces of pasteboard, and should have come safely, but the cord which was used to tie the envelope, cut through Photos, Fillinf etc. I have made some 5 x 7 negatives of the two pictures sent, so that I can print any number wanted. The 5 x 7 are more suitable to me, so they are the ones I shall use in my own collection. I am sending you the two pictures which came from Cardinell, costing me as stated, \$1.50. The injury does not affect any important part of either picture, and I am pricing the two pictures at 50¢ each. If you care for them retain them at the \$1.00 figure or if you will prefer the 5 x 7 copies, return the two enclosed to me, and if you wish, I can send you a copy of each 5 x 7 size at 30¢ each. Preparations for the Out-door part of the Centenary Celebration which is to be given ~~September 24th, to October 8th 1927~~ September 24th, to October 8th 1927, and as each day brings me additional duties in connection with the Centenary. My time for Lincolniana is limited, but I do manage to get in touch with my people in the Lincoln Ranks. Yours truly
Room 801 B&O Bldg.
Baltimore, Md.





Edward G. ...
...
Feb 12 1926

THE MONTH AT GOODSPEED'S

Apr. 1932



STEVENSON *By* ST. GAUDENS

❧ BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A. ❧



ESTWICK EVANS, THE PEDESTRIAN

From the frontispiece to the rare first edition (see p. 232)

THE MONTH
AT GOODSPEED'S BOOK SHOP
Boston, Massachusetts

Vol. III  No. 8

A REVIEW published ten times each year, giving information concerning certain books, prints, and autographs which are now available.

Norman L. Dodge, Editor

BRONZE BY ST. GAUDENS

IN September, 1887, Robert Louis Stevenson landed in New York on his way to Saranac, whither he went the following month. At this time he wrote to John Addington Symonds: "In New York and then in Newport I was pretty ill; but on my return to New York, lying in bed most of the time, with St. Gaudens the sculptor sculping me, and my old friend Low around, I began to pick up." In letters to Sidney Colvin and Henry James he also mentioned his sittings for St. Gaudens. The sculptor's work and the patter of conversation that went with it amused and distracted the sick man. St. Gaudens admired Stevenson, and Stevenson in turn admired St. Gaudens, calling him "one of the handsomest and nicest fellows" he had ever seen, and, in a letter, addressing him "my dear God-like sculptor." St. Gaudens said he would have gone a thousand miles to make Stevenson's portrait.

In September the sculptor made preliminary sketches of his subject's head and of one hand, and completed his drawings in the following spring. From these studies came the great, rectangular tablet, more than seven feet high by nine feet long, which was placed in Saint Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh. Lewis Hind describes this tablet as "a variant, but much larger, of the relief made in 1887, when Stevenson was delayed in New York by illness on his way to the Adirondacks." The relief of 1887 is illustrated on the front cover of this number. Perhaps you can see that the relief depicts Stevenson in bed, smoking a cigar. In the Saint Giles tablet the bed becomes a classical couch and the cigar a quill pen. No doubt these changes were made so that the details of the great bronze tablet should be in harmony with the spiritual atmosphere of Saint Giles's, but in the interest of characteristic and earthy realism the censoring of bed and cigar is to be regretted. The verses and ornamentation in the two versions also differ, and in the later or Saint Giles version, Stevenson's death at Vailima is recorded. Graham Balfour, biographer of Stevenson, says that it was five years after St. Gaudens made his sketches that the relief was completed. Balfour adds: "It is the most satisfactory of all the portraits of Stevenson, and has been reproduced with one or two slight modifications for the memorial in Saint Giles's Cathedral."

In May, 1893, Stevenson wrote to St. Gaudens from Vailima:

"My dear God-like sculptor, — I wish in the most delicate manner in the world to insinuate a few commissions: —

"No. 1. Is for a couple of copies of my medallion, as gilt-edged and high-toned as it is possible to make

them. One is for our house here, and should be addressed as above. The other is for my friend Sidney Colvin. . . .”

AT
GOODSPEED'S

Further in the same letter he writes: “The other day in Sydney, I think you might be interested to hear, I was sculpt a second time by a man called ———, as well as I can remember and read. I mustn’t criticize a present, and he had very little time to do it in. It is thought by my family to be an excellent likeness of Mark Twain.”

In September, 1893, the gilt-edged medallion having failed to arrive, Stevenson wrote again, saying: “You are to conceive me, sitting in my house, dubitative, and the medallion chuckling in the warehouse of the German firm.” When the medallion finally arrived at Vailima, it was placed over his smoking-room mantel-piece. Again he wrote to St. Gaudens: “It is considered by everybody a first-rate but flattering portrait. . . . As for my own opinion, I believe it to be a speaking likeness, and not flattering at all, possibly a little the reverse.”

Our copy of this bronze medallion, “the cigar version,” one of the kind Stevenson had over his mantel-piece at Vailima, “the most satisfactory of all the portraits of Stevenson,” is priced \$100.00. It measures about 17½ inches in diameter and weighs 11½ pounds.



ALKEN, Sartorius, Pollard, Herring, Stubbs—these are names known to every “sporting” man who also happens to be a collector of prints. “Happens,” we say. That is hardly the word for it. It is a common thing for sportsmen never to leave the scene of their sporting activities until driven away by wind and weather most peremptorily. Then, as they sit indoors, which is a way of living

THE
MONTH

that is little better than a waste of time, they talk and dream of hill and dale, of the thud of leather, the bark of gun and hound, the swish of a line. How good it is, on long winter evenings, that something can be done to restrain these storm bound men and women from gazing vacantly into vacant space, how providential that they can gaze instead at the scenes of their greatest thrills and triumphs, fixed in miniature in outdoor colors on canvas or good paper. One should not say, then, that sporting men often "happen" to be collectors of sporting prints. There is involved in the matter something so compelling that it is almost a law of nature.

When we mentioned Alken and the rest a while back, we intended to make a graceful transition to their successors, the artists whose work may be seen in —

AMERICAN SPORTING PRINTS

DONE IN THE OLD TRADITION

PUBLISHED BY THE DERRYDALE PRESS

On exhibition and sale through April

These modern artists are, to name a few, Edward King, Paul Brown, Edwin Megargee, Ralph L. Boyer, William J. Shaldach, and Marguerite Kirmse. The best work of these artists is beautifully published by a firm which thus describes its own genesis —

"In 1927 an American sportsman, who was also a collector of sporting books and prints, commenced

NOV 1 1935

November 1, 1935

Kaufman & Fardy Company
425 South Wabash
Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:

We often have requests in our museum for the pictures of the various Lincoln statues in the United States.

About three years ago we purchased from you a picture of St. Gauden's statue of Lincoln at Chicago.

We have an excellent photographic department in our organization, and we are wondering if you would give us permission to copy the pictures which you sent us.

Trusting that this will meet with your approval, we remain,

Yours very truly,

LINCOLN NATIONAL LIFE FOUNDATION

by

KAUFMANN & FABRY *Company*..

425 S. WABASH AVENUE
... CHICAGO ...

November 2, 1935.

Mr. M. A. Cook,
Lincoln National Life Foundation,
Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Dear Mr. Cook:

In response to your letter of November first, in which you ask for permission to copy our photograph of St. Gauden's statue of Lincoln, may we ask you to advise us in what manner you plan to use the photographic print which will be made from the copy negative?

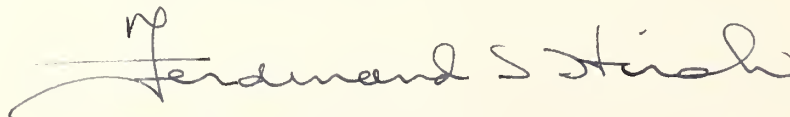
We understand that you have the largest collection of Lincoln Photographs and it has occurred to us that through our Stock Photograph Department we might be able to dispose of many of those photographs.

If we were to purchase a complete set, would you allow us to copy them and offer the photographs for sale through this department?

Anticipating the favor of a prompt reply, we are

Cordially yours,

KAUFMANN & FABRY CO.



Ferdinand S. Hirsh.

F
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School Children Honor Great Emancipator



—By News Staff Photographer

The Great Emancipator was honored again in Detroit today with school children participating in Lincoln programs on the 128th anniversary of his birth. At Doty School, these pupils were told about Lincoln's life while viewing the statue presented to the school by Henry M. Leland. In the rear is Mary MacKenzie. The others are (left to right): Shirley Sharpe, George Edward Binkelman, Jr., and Joseph Cobane with their teacher, Miss Charlotte Hamlin. The statue was awarded to the school in the neighborhood showing the best voting record.

Indianapolis Star
3-4-1937

***John McCormack's Son
Gives Statue to Ireland***

DUBLIN, March 3.—(AP)—A statue of Abraham Lincoln was presented to the Irish Free State today by Cyril McCormack on behalf of his father, the singer John Count McCormack. It was officially accepted by President Eamon De Valera.

f 730 Park Ave
New York

Lincoln Statue Given To Irish Free State

DUBLIN, March 3—(AP)—A statue of Abraham Lincoln was presented to the Irish Free State today by Cyril McCormack on behalf of his father, the singer, John Count McCormack. It was officially accepted by President Eamon de Valera.

STATUE OF LINCOLN GIVEN TO IRELAND

DUBLIN, March 3 (AP).—A statue of Abraham Lincoln was presented to the Irish Free State today by Cyril McCormack on behalf of his father, the singer, John McCormack.

The younger McCormack was received by President Eamon de Valera who asserted: "I cannot but think that your father meant this for us as a symbol of our hope that reunion of our country may soon be secured. It was through the strength of Lincoln's will that American was saved from the danger of those warring antagonisms so disastrous to Europe."

PHILADELPHIA

RECORDED 3-4-37

Irish Get Lincoln Statue
John McCormack's Son Presents
Gift to Eamon de Valera

DUBLIN, March 3 (AP).—A statue of Abraham Lincoln was presented to the Irish Free State today by Cyril McCormack on behalf of his farther, John McCormack, the singer.

The younger McCormack was received by President Eamon de Valera who asserted: "I cannot but think that your father meant this for us as a symbol of our hope that reunion of our country may soon be secured. It was through the strength of Lincoln's will that America was saved from the danger of those warring antagonisms so disastrous to Europe."

N.Y. Herald Tribune

March 15, 1937

Mr. John Count McCormack
730 Park Avenue
New York, New York

My dear Mr. McCormack:

Our attention has been called to your recent gift of a bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln to the Irish Free State.

We are intensely interested in anything that relates to Abraham Lincoln and have made a special compilation of information about the statues of Lincoln which have been erected in this and other countries.

We are wondering if it would be asking too much to give us some information as to who the sculptor of the statue is, where it has been erected, and any little personal note which might suggest your reason for making this presentation.

You will please find under separate cover a very beautiful brochure which contains portraits of the heroic bronze statues which have thus far been erected, with the exception of the two or three put up within the last year or so. We trust you will enjoy looking over this book.

Very truly yours,

LAW:EB

Director

James McCormack

PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVE OF

JOHN MCCORMACK

41 East 42d Street

New York, N. Y.

Telephone, MUrray Hill 2-1454

Cable Address: Concerto, New York

March 18, 1937

Mr. Lewis Warren
Lincoln National Life Foundation
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Dear Mr. Warren:

Replying to your kind letter of March 15, I wish to say that the Lincoln Statue presented to the Irish Free State is the bronze reproduction of a famous St. Gaudens statue. It pictures Abraham Lincoln standing in front of a chair. The bronze is about four feet high and stands on an oak pedestal about the same height. As far as I can gather, it was purchased by Mr. McCormack from Tiffany & Co. in New York and has been in his possession for a number of years. It has been in his residence in Ireland for the past twelve or thirteen years. It was something that he prized very much indeed, and he wanted to make some worthwhile gift to the Irish Free State and decided that nothing could be more fitting than this statue of Abraham Lincoln.

President De Valera in accepting the statue called attention to the significance of the statue of Abraham Lincoln who preserved the Union and he hoped that the Union might not be long delayed. *Ireland*

If there is any information which you desire, please feel free to write me. Thank you for your interest.

I am

Very truly yours,

James McCormack

James McCormack
Personal Representative

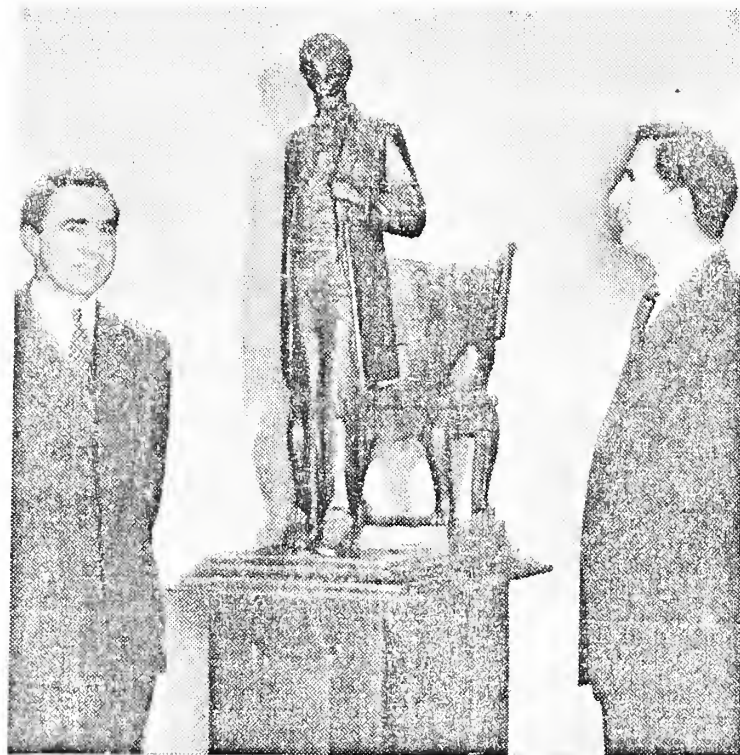
JMcC:FIB

LINCOLN STATUE FOR IRELAND



(TIMES-Wide World Photo)

IRISH FREE STATE receives statue of Abraham Lincoln from Cyril McCormick (left), son of famous singer. President Eamon de Valera accepts statue in Dublin on behalf of Irish government.



Times Wide World Photo.

LINCOLN STATUE PRESENTED TO IRELAND

President Eamon de Valera (right), President of the Irish Free State, on behalf of his government, receiving the sculpture from Cyril McCormack, son of John McCormack the singer, who donated it to the Free State. The ceremony took place in the Council Chamber of the Government Buildings in Dublin on March 4.

Fifty-Six Heroic Statues HONOR THE MEMORY OF LINCOLN



Kansas City Star
2/5/37

School children of Kansas City are giving their pennies to the Lincoln Memorial Fund, sponsored by the Patriots and Pioneers Memorial foundation, to erect here a statue of Abraham Lincoln. Last year the children gave \$1,719.42 to this fund. This year they are urged to give more, and individuals, institutions and organizations of all kinds have been asked to contribute to a Lincoln memorial that will "instill in the youth of our city ideals of patriotism; a reverence for the founders of this nation; an appreciation of their wisdom and high ideals of government; to interest them in the study of the lives and history of Lincoln and other statesmen; to arouse in them a love for our country and its traditions, that they may be proud to have a part in the government and be able to vote intelligently for good men to administer the laws of the land."

It may be that the statue of Lincoln, to be erected in this city, will be a replica or exact copy of one of the statues of the Great Emancipator already standing in other cities, statues which are described in the following article.

[Photographs of a famous Lincoln portrait and striking statues are presented in the rotogravure section of this issue.]

By A. B. MACDONALD.

IN this country are fifty-six heroic statues of Abraham Lincoln. Fifty-three of them are in bronze, and three in marble. They were made by thirty-seven different sculptors and stand in forty-nine cities, in nineteen states, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Washington has four and Chicago has three of these heroic statues, life-size or larger, of Lincoln.

These fifty-six statues represent Lincoln in all phases of his life, from when he was a "Hoosier youth" in Indiana, until the day of his death. But millions of persons who see them ask: "Are they really accurate likenesses of Abraham Lincoln, the circuit-riding lawyer, the campaigner, statesman, debator, President, orator and emancipator, as he stood and sat and moved among men?"

The answer is that before any of the present statues of Lincoln were created their sculptors had access

to a perfect life mask of Lincoln's face, and diagrams of his body. He made plaster casts of Lincoln's right hand, and made measurements of his arms, legs and other parts of his body. From all of these Volk made a full bust of Lincoln in plaster, then the bust in marble, and later the bust in bronze. The marble and bronze busts are in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

In 1876 Volk made a life-size statue of Lincoln in plaster. This stands in the Illinois state house in Springfield. It is the bearded Lincoln of White House days. Volk followed this with the climax of all his work as a sculptor, the heroic bronze statue of Lincoln which was unveiled in Rochester, N. Y., in 1892.

Vinnie Ream, who was a school-girl in Columbia, Mo., was the only person for whom Lincoln posed for a bust and statue of himself after he was elected to the presidency. When she was only 16 years of age she went daily to the White House in Washington to make from life a model in clay for the statue of Lincoln that stands in the rotunda of the capital in Washington. The likeness of Lincoln made in 1865 by this girl is acknowledged to be one of the best ever made of the "Great Emancipator."

The Flannery Statue.

Another marble statue of Lincoln that stands in Washington was made by Lot Flannery. He was an Irish boy apprenticed to stonecutters who worked on the wings of the capitol building. Becoming an expert stone-cutter, he turned to sculpture. He was in Ford's theater the night Lincoln was assassinated, and this inspired him to make a statue of Lincoln. It cost \$7,000 and was paid for by popular subscription. He finished it in 1868. It stood upon a pedestal forty feet high in front of the District of Columbia courthouse in Washington. In 1923 it was replaced on a pedestal only ten feet high.

A famous bronze statue is that made by Thomas Ball. It cost \$17,000, and was paid for by small contributions given by thousands of Negroes. It is in Lincoln park, Washington.

This country's most impressive tribute to Abraham Lincoln is the



THE LINCOLN STATUE IN CHICAGO'S LINCOLN PARK, MODELED BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS, AND DECLARED BY CRITICS TO BE ARTISTICALLY THE GREATEST OF ALL THE STATUES OF THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT. A REPLICA OF IT STANDS OPPOSITE WESTMINSTER ABBEY IN LONDON.

to a perfect life mask of Lincoln's face, and diagrams of his body, made in 1860. Also there were two busts of him, made from life by two talented sculptors, one in 1860, and one in the year of Lincoln's death. Therefore all the statues of Lincoln that represent him after 1860 should be or could be accurate portraits of him. The sculptors who made statues of Lincoln as a youth and as a "rail splitter" had to imagine how he appeared then, of course, for there was no portrait of him in those early days.

An Excellent Life Mask.

In 1860 Leonard W. Volk, a sculptor, made a life mask in plaster of Lincoln's face. This was done in Volk's studio in Chicago where Lincoln was trying a law case. Volk wrote of this afterward: "He (Lincoln) sat naturally in the chair when I made the cast and saw every move I made in a mirror opposite, as I put the plaster on without interference with his eyesight or his free breathing through his nostrils. It was about an hour before the mold was ready to be removed, and being all in one piece, with both ears perfectly taken, it clung pretty hard, as the cheek bones were higher than the jaws at the lobe of the ear. He bent his head low and took hold of the mold and gradually worked it off without breaking or injury."

During the many visits of Lincoln to Volk's studio, the sculptor made sketches, measurements, and

National Lincoln Memorial in Potomac park, Washington. Henry Bacon was the architect of the building, and Daniel Chester French was the sculptor of the colossal statue of Lincoln. Congress appropriated 3 million dollars for this memorial, of which \$88,400 was for the statue and its pedestal. The figure of Lincoln, in white marble, sits in a massive chair. The head is slightly bowed, and the hands rest on the arms of the chair. The figure is nineteen feet high. It would be twenty-eight feet high if it were standing.

In the Washington (D. C.) cathedral is a large bronze statue of "Lincoln at Prayer." It was made by the sculptor, Herbert Houck, and was given to the cathedral by his sister, Mrs. William T. Hildrup, jr. Lincoln is represented here upon his knees, his head bowed in prayer. It symbolizes the religious character of the Civil war President.

Twelve Statues in Illinois.

In Illinois, where Lincoln spent the greater part of his life, are twelve Lincoln statues. Only one other state, New York, has half as many. Three Lincoln statues are in Chicago. Two of these, a standing figure, eleven feet tall, in Lincoln park, and a seated figure in Grant park, are by Augustus Saint-Gaudens. The standing figure was unveiled in 1887 and was at once acclaimed an unusual and wonderful work of art.

LINCOLN STATUES

(Continued From Page 1C.)

its beautiful setting, was \$40,000, all given by Eli Bates.

Art critics have unanimously declared that this standing figure by Saint-Gaudens is artistically the greatest of all the statues of Lincoln. Yet Saint-Gaudens himself was never satisfied with it. He felt that his seated Lincoln in Grant park was his masterpiece. He worked twelve years upon it and when it was finished he said, "I am willing to render it as my tribute to Abraham Lincoln." In his seated statue Saint-Gaudens sought to portray the isolation in which Lincoln lived in the crucial last period of the Civil war.

The Lincoln Statue in Westminster.

Of all the statues of Lincoln that had been erected in America, the standing figure by Saint-Gaudens was selected in 1914 by an American national committee as the most worthy one to present to England in celebration of 100 years of peace between English speaking peoples. A replica in bronze was made of it which stands in London, opposite Westminster abbey, "the high altar of the British empire," where its kings are crowned and where they and other great Englishmen are buried.

The third statue in Chicago is by George Mulligan, in Garfield park. Upon a rough block of stone Lincoln stands beside a tree stump. He wears rough working clothes, his trousers held up by coarse suspenders, his shirt open at the throat, sleeves rolled up and hair tousled, an ax in his right hand. His attitude is that of one who has just chopped down a tree and is pausing to rest. Another statue by Mulligan stands in Peoria, Ill.

In Freeport, Ill., on the site of one of Lincoln's memorable debates with Stephen A. Douglas in 1858, is a

bronze statue of "Lincoln the Debater" by Leonard Crunelle. It is Lincoln in mid-manhood, before the cares of the presidency had sobered his countenance, and it is intended to portray the keen, logical debater, standing tall and gaunt, one hand gripping a manuscript behind his back. Crunelle has another statue, "The Young Lincoln," in Dixon, Ill.

Other statues of Lincoln in Illinois are by Van Den Bergen, in Clinton; Lorado Taft's "The Circuit Rider" in Urbana; "The President Elect" by Andrew O'Connor, and Larkin Goldsmith Mead's statue, both in Springfield.

Pennsylvania has four heroic bronze statues of Lincoln. Two are in Philadelphia, one in Wilkensburg, and the fourth, by J. Otto Schweizer, at Gettysburg, portrays Lincoln delivering the Gettysburg address, "the most exquisite flower of Lincoln's eloquence, and one of the classic masterpieces of the world."

In New Jersey are three bronze statues of the martyr. One of the most noted of all the statues of Lincoln in America is that by Gutzon Borglum, in Newark. The figure of Lincoln is seated on a rough bench. He leans slightly sideways, his right hand resting flatly upon the bench, and beside it is his silk hat. In his face is a look of mingled sorrow and weariness.

In Manchester, N. H., is a bronze statue of Lincoln as the war President, studying a military map.

One of the four statues of Lincoln in Ohio is that by George Grey Barnard, in Cincinnati. The bronze figure, fourteen feet tall, stands with his large gnarled hands clasped before his waist. The shoes are large and rough, the clothing ill-fitting, the face "furrowed as if by rivers of tears." Much criticism has been leveled at this statue by artists and others who said it was an "untidy" Lincoln. To this the sculptor replied:

"There can be beauty in toil, in sorrow, and in the well-worn clothes and bumpy shoes of the hard worker. It was that kind of beauty that I endeavored to put into my statue of Lincoln: the beauty of work, of suffering and of hardship. There is as much beauty in the gnarled hand that has grasped the plow or the ax as there is in the tender, flowing lines of a young child. It is a beauty of a different type."

A replica of this Lincoln stands in Manchester England, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft of Cincinnati. Another replica of it is in Louisville, Ky. Kentucky has two other Lincoln statues; at Frankfort and at Hodgenville, the birthplace of Lincoln.

There is a Lincoln statue in Indianapolis and another in Wabash, Ind. One of the latest and most remarkable of the Lincoln statues to be set up in this country is that by Paul Mauship, "Abraham Lincoln, the Hoosier Youth," erected in 1932 in Fort Wayne, Ind.

In Michigan are two Lincoln statues; in Wisconsin, three; in Minnesota, one; in Iowa, two—at Webster City and Jefferson. In Nebraska the spirit of Lincoln is enshrined in two bronze statues, one in Omaha and the other in the capitol of the state. This latter is a bronze by Daniel Chester French. It depicts Lincoln as an orator, and is one of the outstanding Lincoln statues in America.

In Topeka, Kas., is a seated bronze statue by Robert Merrill Gage. Missouri has no bronze statue of Lincoln. Idaho has a Lincoln statue in Boise. In Spokane, Wash., is a Lincoln statue that departs from the usual, and shows Lincoln in the dignified role of commander-in-chief of the Union army, a military cape thrown over one shoulder. School children of Spokane gave \$6,000 to help pay for this statue, which cost \$25,000. In Tacoma, Wash., and in Portland, Ore., are statues of Lincoln. Los Angeles has three, and Long Beach, Calif., one.

FEBRUARY 23, 1939

Lincoln Statue Is Bought In Logan

To Be Placed In Rotunda
Of Courthouse.

Lincoln, Feb. 22.—A life sized statue of Abraham Lincoln was purchased Wednesday by the Lincoln Rotary and Kiwanis clubs and will be placed in the rotunda of the courthouse as a memorial.

The statue, a copy of St. Gauden's in Chicago, is seven foot two inches tall, finished in ivory and shows Lincoln as he was in the days when he practiced law in Logan county.

The statue will arrive in time for the centennial celebration of the county and present plans call for an unveiling ceremony at the time of the celebration.

One hundred five Rotarians, Kiwanians and farmers attended the annual businessmen-farmer mixer dinner served at the First Methodist church where Dean F. C. Blair of the University of Illinois college of agriculture, gave an address.

on him.
Lincoln Evening Courier
Feb. 23 1939

Abe Lincoln Statue For Court House

Permission of county authorities will be asked by the Kiwanis and Rotary clubs for installation of an Abraham Lincoln memorial in the rotunda of the court house.

The two luncheon clubs at meetings of directors Wednesday afternoon authorized purchase of a life-sized statue of Abraham Lincoln, a copy of St. Gauden's in Chicago. The statue is seven feet, two inches in height with base and is finished in ivory and portrays the beardless Lincoln as he was known during his days of law practice in Logan county. The original of this statue is in Lincoln park, Chicago.

It is proposed to have the statue available for dedication in connection with a centennial celebration later in the year.

FRANK D. MCGRAW



'STANDING LINCOLN'—Augustus Saint-Gaudens' "Standing Lincoln," in a bronze reduction of the heroic-sized statue erected in Chicago's Lincoln Park, which has been presented to Carnegie Institute by Charles J. Rosenbloom, a trustee of the Institute and a member of its Fine Arts Committee.

Institute Gets Lincoln Statue

A bronze figure of Abraham Lincoln by Augustus Saint-Gaudens has been presented to Carnegie Institute by Charles J. Rosenbloom, trustee of the Institute and a member of its Fine Arts Committee. The figure has been placed at the entrance to the balcony of the Hall of Sculpture.

It is a reduction of the heroic-sized statue usually referred to as the "Standing Lincoln" erected in the south end of Lincoln Park, Chicago. Gaeton Ardisson, a plaster molder who was with Saint-Gaudens for many years, made the bronze from the original cast after the sculptor's death in 1907.

As a young boy Saint-Gaudens had seen the "Great Emancipator" in a New York procession and again he saw him in death as his body lay in state in the City Hall in New York. His figure of him was one of five he did of heroes of the Civil War, the other four being of Farragut, Shaw, Logan and Sherman.

Fun. Del. graph
12/30/43

Mrs: ALBERT C. MERKLE

March 31, 1953

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

112 MARINE AVENUE

BROOKLYN 9, N. Y.

SHORE ROAD 8-1712

Dr. Louis A. Warren
Fort Wayne, Indiana

My dear Sir:

Thank you for your letter of March 16, 1953.

The Union League Club sold their building several years ago and everything of value was disposed of at that time. They now meet at the Towers Hotel on Clark Street Brooklyn. Many of the members being elderly have gone.

The Lincoln Statue has been accepted by the Lincoln Savings Bank of Brooklyn. There are five Banks in all. The officers of the Club, accepted the offer notwithstanding their belief that the statue is intrinsically worth more. They were prompted to make this decision because the Union League Club has no club house of its own and the acquisition by the Lincoln Savings Bank will insure its remaining in Brooklyn and the statue will have a dignified permanent home and will be continued source of inspiration to thousands.

It is a reduced replica of Augustus Saint-Gaudens Statue, "Standing Lincoln," in Lincoln Park in Chicago near Historical Society. About 25 years ago Congressman Richard Young ordered this statue from Tiffany. It was cast on special order for Mr. Young who presented it to the Union League Club of Brooklyn.

Your secretary informed me that you lecture in different parts of the United States. Is there a fee and do you require a large audience.

Thank you for a reply.

Very truly yours

Anna Merkle

Mrs. Albert C. Merkle

April 13, 1953

Mrs. Albert C. Merkle
112 Marine Avenue
Brooklyn 9, New York

My dear Mrs. Merkle:

Thank you for your information about the disposition of the Lincoln statue. We have long been in correspondence with members of the staff at the Lincoln Savings Bank in Brooklyn and I am sure you could not have found a finer place to locate this magnificent work of art.

Very truly yours,

LAW:PE

Director

The strongest bond of human sympathy, outside
of the family relation should be one uniting
all working people of all nations and tongues
and kindreds. Nor should this lead to a war
upon property. Property is desirable. It
is the fruit of industry. That some should
be rich shows that some are more industrious and
hence is just. Let not him who is rich pull down the house of
another but let him build one for himself
by example and diligence. His own shall be safe from violence.

A. Lincoln



Statue of Lincoln by St. Gaudens
owned by The Lincoln Society
Bank of Brooklyn, New York.
Statue is displayed in the branch
bank in the Williamsburg section
of Brooklyn.



HALO FOR LINCOLN looks better than what it is, a ceiling light. A smart camera angle did the trick.

Camera News

Make or Break Photo Background Details

By IRVING DESFOR

A photographer studied a Lincoln statue in Detroit's Institute of Arts and used imagination to triumph over a photo obstacle. The obstacle, which he noticed before taking the picture, was a ceiling light which jutted into the photo to composition like an alien presence.

His solution was to make use of the light in a way that would enhance the composition and make a virtue out of a handicap.

Diffused Light

He centered Lincoln's head in the ceiling globe and gave a somewhat slow exposure so that the light itself was a bit overexposed. The diffused light, spilling over the out-of-focus ceiling fixture, was transformed into a halo for the statue and added a spiritual quality to the picture.

Camera fans, too often, fail to see such details in the background

which might make or break a picture. They see it readily enough, however, in the finished print. But by then it's too late to do anything except wish they had shifted slightly to the left, or right, or up or down in order to eliminate or emphasize some point.

Moral

The moral is, then, to make it a permanent habit in taking pictures to look twice at what you're shooting: first, at your subject matter; secondly, at your background. If any change in camera angle is necessary, do it then.

Now, getting back to Abraham Lincoln, it's interesting to note that he credited photography with an influential role in his career.

In February of 1860, Lincoln came to New York to make a major speech at Cooper Institute. For the occasion, he had his portrait made for the first time by Mathew

Brady, then considered America's most fashionable photographer. The speech drew country wide attention and the Lincoln print was reproduced in newspapers by woodcut, and became a popular Currier & Ives lithograph. Together, they helped push the backwoods Illinois lawyer into national prominence.

A couple of years later at the White House, Lincoln recalled the events with the remark, "Brady and the Cooper Institute made me President."

Something New

What's new? A blue flashbulb in the tiniest M2 size will shortly be available for the first time to bring greater flexibility in shooting color to all camera fans. At the same time, the present tiny M2 clear flashlamps will produce 66 per cent more light while only a fraction of an inch will be added to its size.

According to GE spokesmen who announced the changes, the tiny blue flash packs enough wallop to make the simplest box camera an indoor color camera. And more expensive cameras can cover greater distances and shoot more pictures in both color and black-and-white with smaller equipment.



IN REPLY REFER TO:

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
NATIONAL PARK SERVICE
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20240



May 11, 1966

K3023-DI

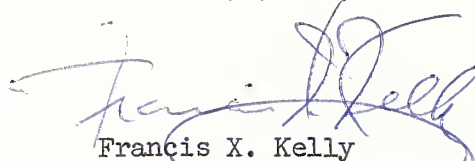
Mr. R. Gerald McMurtry
Director
The Lincoln National Life Foundation
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Dear Mr. McMurtry:

We regret that we do not have any photographs of the new Saint-Gaudens bronze statue of Lincoln. We have checked our Northeast Regional Office and with the superintendent at Saint-Gaudens.

If we can be of assistance in the future, please contact us.

Sincerely yours,



Francis X. Kelly
Chief of Press Relations

Chicago Tribune
NORTH

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

Thursday, February 12, 1970

SECTION

2A



(TRIBUNE Staff Photo by Harold Revolt)

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MR. LINCOLN—Donald Henderson, 7, and Marci Doane, 6, 1st graders in Lincoln elementary school, 313 Main st., Evanston, admire a statue of Abraham Lincoln that stands on the landing between the first and second floors.

The
SAINT-GAUDENS
NATIONAL
HISTORIC SITE





*Sculptor-in-Residence
at the Ravine Studio*

SAINT-GAUDENS NATIONAL HISTORIC SITE

Saint-Gaudens National Historic Site in Cornish, New Hampshire consists of the home, gardens and studios of Augustus Saint-Gaudens (1848-1907), one of America's greatest sculptors. This was his summer residence from 1885-1897 and his permanent home from 1900 until his death in 1907.

"Aspet," the sculptor's home, was once an old inn along the stage road between Windsor, Vermont and Meriden, New Hampshire. During the summer of 1885, Saint-Gaudens began remodeling the house. He painted the brick walls white and added the spacious, columned porch on the west side. The original Saint-Gaudens furnishings are retained and reflect the character of the man and the tastes of his friends of the Cornish colony of artists.

Saint-Gaudens delighted in gardening, and the high hedges of pine and hemlock are the fruits of his labor. To your left is the white-columned **LITTLE STUDIO** painted in the sculptor's favorite colors: green, white and Pompeian red. This was Saint-Gaudens' personal workshop. As you enter the pergola (a columned trellis) and pass through the large doorway, directly above you is a copy of portions of the frieze from the Parthenon in Athens. Saint-Gaudens' interest in the classical Greek and Roman periods is manifested in the buildings and grounds in which he worked and lived. Inside the **LITTLE STUDIO** are many of his works, including a number of the delicately shaped low relief portraits for which he was particularly noted.

You may now return to the formal gardens, passing by the reflecting pool with its statue of Pan playing his pipes (a copy of an antique, late Greek garden figure). Within the garden is the **ADAMS MEMORIAL** a copy of the figure in Washington, D.C. This piece is considered one of Saint-Gaudens' most famous works. Henry Adams commissioned the memorial shortly after the death of his wife, Marion Hooper Adams, who died suddenly in 1885. Though many have aspired to give it a name, it remains universal in its anonymity.



Now, pass through the hedgerow at the rear of the gardens and turn right along the birch-lined lane. Within a few paces and to your right is the OLD BOWLING GREEN where the sculptor's family and friends played lawn bowls. In front of you is the SHAW MEMORIAL upon which Saint-Gaudens labored for fourteen years before achieving the effect he desired. The original bronze relief now stands on the Boston Common opposite the State House where it was unveiled in 1897. The commission was given by the State of Massachusetts in memory of Col. Robert G. Shaw who fell at Fort Wagner (Charleston Harbor) in 1863 while commanding the Fifty-fourth. (black volunteer) Massachusetts Regiment in a heroic assault.

Return to the lane and bear left across the expanse of lawn to the GALLERY with its atrium (central open court) and reflecting pool. On display here are more of the sculptor's works, including a copy of his

famous PURITAN. This studio stands near the site of the large studio, originally the workshop of Saint-Gaudens and his students and assistants, that was destroyed by a disastrous fire in 1944.

Just outside the GALLERY, in the ellipse, is the FARRAGUT BASE, the original stone pedestal for Saint-Gaudens' first major commission, the monument to Admiral David Farragut in New York's Madison Square. The base was designed by Saint-Gaudens in collaboration with his friend, famous architect, Stanford White. To the left of the FARRAGUT BASE is the PICTURE GALLERY where paintings and sculpture of other artists are exhibited during the visitor season. To continue, walk along a quiet path at the edge of the meadow, where you will come upon the RAVINE STUDIO. Here you will find an active sculptor's workshop, where Saint-Gaudens worked from time to time.

To reach the TEMPLE or final resting place of the sculptor and his family, you may return to the path along the edge of the meadow. The memorial is a replica in Vermont marble of the stage set designed by Saint-Gaudens' neighbors for a play presented in his honor in 1905, the masque of "The Gods And The Golden Bowl".

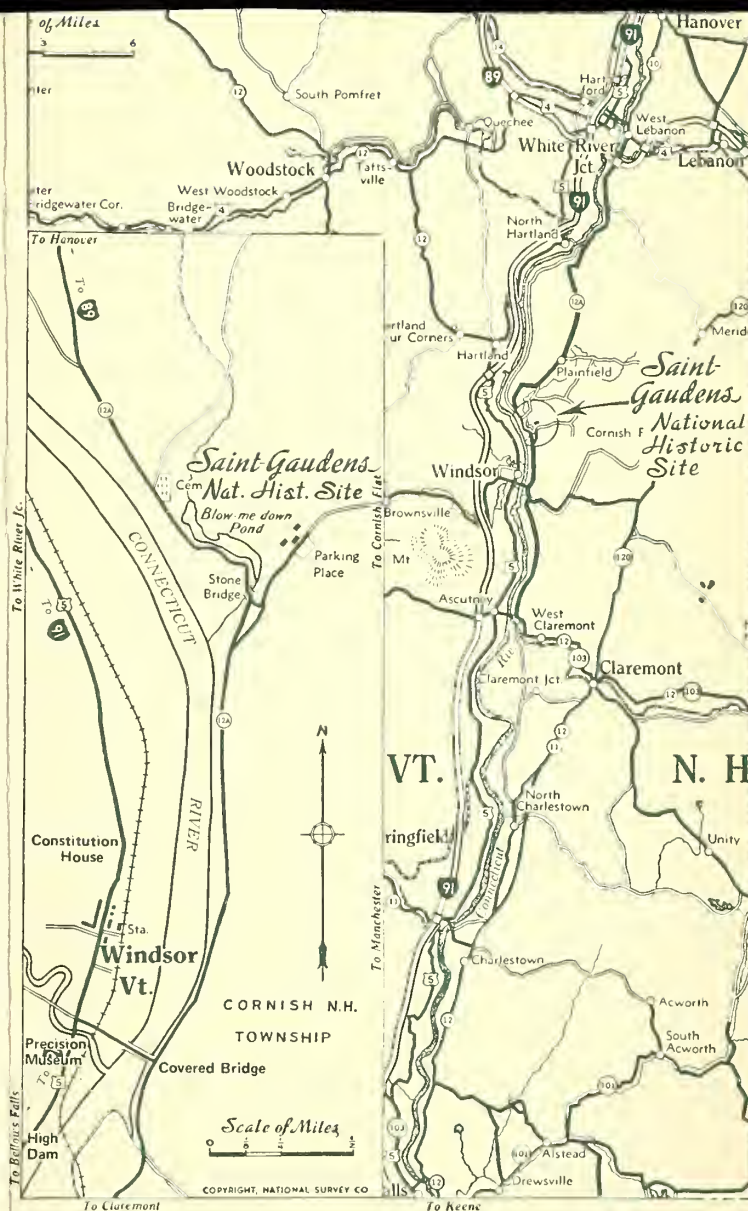
An alternate route to the TEMPLE is the RAVINE TRAIL which begins at the RAVINE STUDIO. The ¼ mile trail descends into the Ravine and follows the Blow-Me-Up Brook then emerges in the lower field near the Temple. From the TEMPLE you may follow the 2½ mile BLOW-ME-DOWN NATURAL AREA trail which loops down to the Blow-Me-Down Pond and returns to the lower field near the Temple.



Little Studio



Summer Sunday Concerts sponsored by the trustees of the Saint-Gaudens Memorial



Saint-Gaudens National Historic Site is located just off New Hampshire State Route 12-A in Cornish, New Hampshire. It is 12 miles north of Claremont, N.H., 18 miles south of Hanover, N.H., and 2-1/2 miles north of the Covered Bridge at Windsor, Vt. The Site may be reached on U.S. Interstate 89, exit 20 (West Lebanon, N.H., south on 12A), or from U.S. Interstate 91, exit 8 (north toward Windsor), or exit 9 (south toward Windsor). The Site is open daily from the last weekend in May through October 30. The buildings are open from 8:30-4:30 daily and the grounds from 8:00 a.m. until dark.

An admission fee of 50¢ is charged for persons 16 years of age and older. Educational groups are admitted free. Each summer the Saint-Gaudens Memorial, a cooperating group, sponsors concerts and exhibitions by contemporary painters and sculptors. Information about the park can be obtained by writing to Saint-Gaudens National Historic Site, R.R. 2, Cornish, NH 03745.

National Park Service
U.S. DEPARTMENT of the INTERIOR

SAINT-GAUDENS



NATIONAL HISTORIC SITE / NEW HAMPSHIRE

The Home, Studios, And Gardens Of An Important American Sculptor

Augustus Saint-Gaudens first saw "Huggins Folly," an ancient mansion crowning a bare New Hampshire hillside, on a gloomy April day in 1885. He was momentarily repelled by the bleak brick structure. But after his wife pointed out that the scene would look different in summer, Saint-Gaudens rented the house from his friend Charles Beaman, a New York lawyer who owned a country house nearby. Saint-Gaudens was about to begin a statue of Abraham Lincoln for a park in Chicago, and tradition holds that Beaman sold the artist on the house by telling him that he would find many "Lincoln-shaped" men among the lean Yankee natives. That consideration and his determination to escape another summer in New York City convinced him that he should move to the country where he could work comfortably and have his family about him. He was just 37, with long years as a student and struggling young artist behind him. Ahead lay his most productive years, and most of these would be spent here at Cornish.

There was much to be done to make the property useful for his work and acceptable to his taste. He quickly turned the barn into a studio, and he and his assistants worked there until the next November. The house itself, built about 1800 and once used as a tavern, was capacious and cool. When he constructed the terraces about the house, he removed the front porch and steps. On the west he added a classical columned porch to take advantage of the prevailing breezes and the dramatic view of Mount Ascutney across the river. Inside, the house was completely remodeled. Dormers were added to serve new rooms carved out of the huge attic, the main stairway was moved to the rear of the house, rooms were combined, doors enlarged, a wing added, the upstairs ballroom cut up into bedrooms, and baths and more bedrooms built on the south side.

Over the years Saint-Gaudens lavished much attention on the grounds. He placed a formal garden between the house and barn-studio. Where once there were only rough farmland and pastures, Saint-Gaudens developed pools, fountains, a birch clump, hedges of pine and hemlock, a bowling green with summer house (near the *Shaw Memorial*), and an expanse of lawn. To the east he built a shop for the plaster-moulder and a studio for his assistants. This studio burned in 1904 with the tragic loss of all the sculptor's correspondence, sketch books, the rec-

ords of commissions, and numerous works in progress. It was rebuilt a year later, only to burn again in 1944. The site now holds the sculpture court and exhibition galleries.

As Saint-Gaudens worked at softening what he felt were the house's harsh qualities, his friend Edward Simmons commented that the house reminded him of an "upright New England farmer with a new set of false teeth . . ." Another acquaintance, noting the classical columns, the Mediterranean pergolas, the marble pools, the archaic Pan, and the rams' heads, thought that the building was "like some austere and recalcitrant New England old maid struggling in the arms of a Greek faun."

In 1897 Saint-Gaudens went abroad to live for three years. He gave up his New York residence on West 45th Street and his studio on West 36th Street, but he kept his home in Cornish. When he returned, he lived there the remainder of his life. His search for health drove him to take up outdoor sports. He built a 60-foot scaffolding near the upper studio to support the starting run of a toboggan slide. A nine-hole golf course was laid out, and in winter Saint-Gaudens and his friends played hockey on the pond below the house and skied on nearby hills.

In June 1905 the Cornish colony, composed of the friends and companions of Saint-Gaudens who came to live and work nearby, celebrated the 20th anniversary of the sculptor's coming to Cornish by holding a masque (a play based on early Greek drama) at the foot of the field below the house. A small Greek temple was erected in the grove of large pines that once stood there. Originally made of plaster, it was later reproduced in marble and became the family burial place.

After Saint-Gaudens' death in 1907, his widow and son, Homer Saint-Gaudens, provided for the preservation of the property. They deeded the estate to a board of trustees, and later the New Hampshire legislature chartered the Saint-Gaudens Memorial as a non-profit corporation to preserve and exhibit the collections, house, and studios. For over 50 years friends and admirers of the sculptor have supported the memorial's work. In 1964 Congressional legislation authorized the National Park Service to accept the property as a gift, and a year later the memorial was designated a National Historic Site. The trustees continue to act as advisory committee.

Augustus Saint-Gaudens was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1848, the year of the Potato Famine. His father, Bernard Paul Ernest, was a French shoemaker from the little village of Aspet, near the town of Saint-Gaudens in the foothills of the Pyrenees. During the 1830's and 40's he had wandered from his native country to London and then on to Dublin, where he met and married Mary McGuinness of County Longford. Several children were born to the couple before Bernard, 6 months after the birth of Augustus, took his family to the United States. They settled in New York, and there the boy grew up. When Augustus finished his schooling at 13, he was apprenticed to a French cameo-cutter. Through his teens the boy labored long days in his master's shop. His father encouraged his urge to draw, and at night Augustus attended the newly opened art school at Cooper Union. Later he studied at the National Academy of Design, which was near his home.

When he was 19 and his apprenticeship over, his father offered him a chance to see the Exposition of 1867 in Paris. He left with \$100 in his pocket, a thorough knowledge of his craft, and deep confidence in himself. While waiting for admission to the famous *École des Beaux-Arts*, he worked in an Italian cutter's atelier. When he was finally accepted a year later, he elected to study under the respected Jouffroy. Because he received little money from home, he supported himself by cameo-cutting. In 1870 the Franco-Prussian War forced him to leave Paris. He lived and worked in Rome for the next 5 years, except for one brief visit home. His outlook and skills matured during these years, and his warm personality attracted a wide circle of friends, both American and foreign. Among his early patrons were William M. Evarts and Elihu Root, whose portraits are displayed in Cornish and at Hamilton College, and through their influence his name became known in circles that counted. Rome was also the place of another fortunate meeting. There he first met Augusta F. Homer of Roxbury, Mass., who recorded in her diary her impression of the artist.

At 27 Saint-Gaudens returned to America and began his career. A brief stint as a mural painter under John LaFarge, whose work decorated Trinity Church in Boston, brought him happily near Miss Homer. He also established close and lasting friendships with two promising young architects, Stanford White and Charles McKim. They would become frequent professional colleagues.

The Farragut statue award in 1876 was a watershed in Saint-Gaudens' life. It brought him recognition and enough security to persuade Augusta Homer's parents not to delay further the pair's marriage. When the statue

was exhibited in Paris in 1880 and then cast in bronze and placed in Madison Square in New York, it was quickly recognized as a landmark in American sculpture. "Here was racy characterization joined to original composition," one critic has written, "a public memorial with the stamp of creativity upon it." While Saint-Gaudens was overturning old conventions in sculpture with the figure, his collaborator, White, was contributing a new approach in pedestal design.

Shortly after their wedding in 1877, Saint-Gaudens and his bride sailed for Paris, where he knew he could find the surroundings that would call forth his best. In Paris, Saint-Gaudens made the first of a long series of bas-relief portraits that revealed his mastery of delicate line and sensitive modeling. He also undertook a new role as leader among his fellow artists. Just before he left New York he took part in a revolt by his generation against the stifling academicism of an older group. One outcome was the organization of the Society of American Artists, of which he was a founder. He became a leader of the American group and helped choose American paintings for the 1878 International Exposition.

After the Farragut statue Saint-Gaudens no longer had to struggle to obtain commissions. They flowed into his studio in an almost overwhelming stream. "The Randall," "The Puritan," "The Standing Lincoln"—about which he was thinking when he first came to Cornish—the ever-lengthening series of relief portraits, all these he welcomed. Sometimes it appeared to his friends that he undertook too much, that he found it difficult to say no when he should have for the sake of his welfare and his work. Saint-Gaudens also felt keenly his duties to those who would come after him. As he had benefited from his teachers, so he thought himself obliged to instruct. In numerous private ways he helped aspiring young sculptors, and through the classrooms of the Art Students League he reached many more. He taught steadily from 1888 to 1897.

Besides his teaching, Saint-Gaudens gave generously of his time to other causes. He was an advisor to the Columbian Exposition of 1893, and suggested his former pupil, MacMonnies, and his friend and contemporary, Daniel Chester French, for important commissions. He made many speeches on behalf of the American Academy in Rome, an institution he cherished, and persuaded Henry Clay Frick to give \$100,000 as an endowment. He later spent much time in Washington working with his friend McKim and Daniel Burnham of Chicago on the MacMillan Commission, making recommendations for the preservation and development of the Nation's Capital.

His achievements during the 1880's and 90's included the *Amor Caritas* purchased later by the French Government for the Luxembourg Museum in Paris, the *Diana* for the tower of Stanford White's Madison Square Garden, the portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson, which he later modified into the memorial to the author in St. Giles Cathedral in Edinburgh, and the bust of General William T. Sherman, which finally evolved into the masterful equestrian statue now standing in New York on Fifth Avenue near Central Park. He began the Shaw Memorial for Boston Common during this time and continued work on it for 14 years. And for Henry Adams he created the haunting memorial to Adams' wife, which stands in Rock Creek Cemetery in Washington, D.C.

At the turn of the century the Sherman statue won the Grand Prix in the Paris Salon of 1900. It was there also that Saint-Gaudens learned of the malignancy which sent him back to Boston for surgery and which led to his decision to return permanently to Cornish. These last 7 years were productive too, in spite of his diminishing energy and the pain caused by cancer. He finally completed the Sherman to his satisfaction, and it was unveiled in New York in 1903. His summer neighbor, John Hay, sat for a bust. He finished the Stevenson Memorial and sculptured two other important works—the monument to Ireland's Charles Parnell for Dublin and the heroic seated Lincoln, which many mistakenly assume to be the figure in the Lincoln Memorial, for another park in Chicago. When President Theodore Roosevelt, a friend and admirer, asked him to apply his talents to United States coinage, he magnificently redesigned the \$10 and \$20 gold pieces, today treasured by collectors. Altogether, in three decades of work he produced nearly 150 sculptures. Honors came to him in these last years of his life. Harvard, Princeton, and Yale granted him honorary degrees. He was elected a member of the Royal Academy in London and the French Legion of Honor.

But treatments could not arrest Saint-Gaudens' illness, and his health continued to decline. He courageously kept at his work and weathered such setbacks as the loss of the upper studio by fire in 1904. He rebuilt the studio the next year and filled it with assistants whom he personally supervised. His productivity never faltered during those last years, even though he required a kind of sedan chair to move from place to place and the constant attention of a trained nurse. By early 1907 Saint-Gaudens was bedridden, but still cheerful. A few days before his death on August 3, 1907, he lay watching the sun set behind Mount Ascutney. "It's very beautiful," he said, "but I want to go farther away."

The Cornish Colony. The arrival of Saint-Gaudens in the summer of 1885 was the beginning of the Cornish Colony. He also brought two assistants, Frederick MacMonnies and Philip Martiny, to work with him in the barn-studio. They were the first in a long series of helpers, many of whom went on to important careers of their own. Herbert Adams, Frances Grimes, James Earle Fraser, Elsie Ward, and—most important of all—his brother, Louis Saint-Gaudens, were only some who worked here and went away enriched by the experience.

That first summer, a friend and painter, George de Forest Brush, came to Cornish and camped with his wife near the ravine just below the house. Brush had lived out west among the Indians for many years, and the teepee he built for a summer dwelling greatly amused Saint-Gaudens and his neighbors. The next spring Thomas W. Dewing, also a painter, rented a house nearby, soon followed by Henry O. Walker, Charles A. Platt, and Stephen Parrish. In 1898 Maxfield Parrish came to Cornish and began to draw those immensely popular scenes with glowing blue skies so unbelievably romantic to the viewer, yet so accurate to one who has seen a Cornish hillside on a July evening when the sky is clear and the sunset has faded.

As the attractions of Cornish became more widely known, other artists found Cornish a delightful spot in which to spend a rural summer working among congenial spirits. When the 1905 masque was performed, 70 members of the colony pooled their skills to provide the music, settings, costumes, scripts, and acting before an appreciative audience of more than twice that number.

There were poets as well at Cornish—Percy MacKaye, Witter Bynner, and William Vaughn Moody. In 1898 the American novelist Winston Churchill built a home here which he named Harlakenden House. President Woodrow Wilson used it as a vacation White House during the fateful summer of 1914 and again a year later. Ten years earlier the young Ethel Barrymore spent a summer in the colony, renting the house of Henry and Lucia Fuller. Both were painters, he of landscapes and she of miniatures. Kenyon Cox, a painter and art critic, built a home and studio here, and over the years the prominent residents of Cornish included in their numbers Charles Dana Gibson; Everette Shinn; John Elliott and his wife, Maud Howe Elliott, who was a writer; Peter Finley Dunne, the creator of "Mr. Dooley"; Herbert Croly, the author of *The Promise of American Life* and the editor of *The New Republic*; Norman Hapgood, the editor of *Collier's* magazine; Willard Metcalfe, the landscape painter; Louis Shipman, a playwright, and his wife, Ellen, who designed many of the famous Cornish gardens; and Arthur Whiting, a composer and musician.

This circle of talented spirits drew members of certain moneyed and social circles. Italianate villas rose on hill-sides and in abandoned pastures. Embellished with sunken gardens, marble fountains, artfully developed villas, and rows of Lombardy poplars, a farm community turned into what local people sometimes called "little New York." The swirl of entertainment in this upper-class Bohemia was gay and elegant, but Thomas Dewing thought there were "too many picture hats" and left to seek a more secluded spot.

Today the artists who made up the Cornish Colony are gone, and with them a colorful era has passed. But at the home of Augustus Saint-Gaudens, with its well-kept house, its carefully designed gardens, and studios that retain a touch of their master's hand, one can relive for a moment an age gone by—the age of an American *belle époque* that nurtured and enchanted a singular company of artists at Cornish.

—Frank O. Spinney

About your visit. Saint-Gaudens National Historic Site is located on N.H. 12A in Cornish, N.H., 9 miles north of Claremont, N.H., and 2 miles from Windsor, Vt. Taxi service is available from both towns. Visitors traveling via Int. 91 should use the Ascutney or Hartland, Vt., exits; via Int. 89, they should use the West Lebanon, N.H., exit.

The site is open from May through October. Each summer the Saint-Gaudens Memorial, a cooperating group, sponsors concerts and exhibitions by contemporary painters and sculptors. Information about the park can be obtained by writing to Saint-Gaudens National Historic Site, R.R. 2, Windsor, VT 05089.

Administration. Saint-Gaudens National Historical Site is administered by the National Park Service, U.S. Department of the Interior, in cooperation with the trustees of Saint-Gaudens Memorial. The superintendent of Saratoga National Historical Park, R.F.D. 1, Box 113-C, Stillwater, NY 12170, is in charge of the site.

As the Nation's principal conservation agency, the Department of the Interior has basic responsibilities for water, fish, wildlife, mineral, land, park, and recreational resources. Indian and Territorial affairs are other major concerns of America's "Department of Natural Resources." The Department works to assure the wisest choice in managing all our resources so each will make its full contribution to a better United States—now and in the future.

NATIONAL PARK SERVICE
U.S. DEPARTMENT of the INTERIOR

☆ U.S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1972-483-424/83
REPRINT 1972

For sale by the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402 - Price 10 cents

"No one ever succeeded in art unless born with an uncontrollable instinct toward it."

This 1881 *Farragut* statue brought Saint-Gaudens critical acclaim.



The *Adams Memorial*, 1891.



The *Standing Lincoln*, 1887.



Metropolitan Museum of Art.



Saint-Gaudens considered this relief of *Samuel Ward* one of his best.



At work on the *Sherman*.



COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA
PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL AND MUSEUM COMMISSION
P. O. Box 1026, HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA 17108

April 4, 1973

Mr. Bert Sheldon
3315 Wisconsin Avenue
Washington, D.C. 20016

Dear Mr. Sheldon:

Your inquiry was referred to Virginia La Fond of the Pennsylvania Collection of Fine Arts and she informs me that the sculpture in question is a plaster cast with bronze patina. It is a "composite figure": that is, the head is copied from the head of Lincoln by Max Bachman and the body is from the reduction by Gaetan Ardisson of the Chicago "Lincoln" by Augustus Saint-Gaudens.

I hope this will be of some help. Thank you for your interest.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'William J. Wewer', written in a cursive style.

William J. Wewer
Executive Director



COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA
PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL AND MUSEUM COMMISSION
BUREAU OF MUSEUMS
WILLIAM PENN MEMORIAL MUSEUM AND ARCHIVES BUILDING
BOX 1026
HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA 17108

April 18, 1973

Mr. Bert Sheldon
3315 Wisconsin Avenue
Washington, D.C. 20016

Dear Mr. Sheldon:

I apologize for the delay in answering your letter. I have just satisfied my own curiosity by going through the Registrar's file on our Lincoln statue, and it appears that you are not the first to inquire of its origins. It is also apparent (at least as I understand it) that our statue is probably not a reduction, (a reduction being simply a smaller replica of an original). A reduction in bronze was made by Gaetan Ardisson of Saint-Gaudens' Lincoln for the Gorham Co., sold through Tiffany's and which now is in the collections at Carnegie Mellon Institute in Pittsburgh. However, this sculpture stands only three feet, three inches high. It also includes the chair, part of the original Saint-Gaudens' composition. In order to completely resolve this reduction question, we would have to know the size of the original Saint-Gaudens Lincoln in Lincoln Park, Chicago, Illinois. I suspect, though I may be wrong, that ours is the same size and, therefore, is not a reduction. So we can assume that Gaetan Ardisson had nothing to do with our Lincoln.

The sculpture in our collection was ordered by C.F. Hoban, Director of the State Museum and Visual Education, in March 1932. That department later became the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission. Mr. Hoban wrote to several concerns requesting information as to where a statue of Abraham Lincoln could be had, meeting the State Museum's requirements.

The firm of P. P. Caproni of Boston, Mass. had such a statue and after deciding on a plaster cast with bronze patina instead of the costlier and heavier bronze metal, the statue and the plaque with the Gettysburg Address were delivered to the Museum in May, 1932.

The sculpture, listed in there catalogue, was described as follows:
"The pose of body in Lincoln B. and C. is after that of statue of Lincoln by Saint-Gaudens in Lincoln Park, Chicago. The heads are from busts Nos. 5394 and 5395 by Max Bachmann."
By substituting the Bachmann Heads on the statue, the effect was obtained of Lincoln looking forward instead of downward as he does in the original Saint-Gaudens sculpture.

The two standing Lincoln statues, #2514 B and C were identical except for the beard (depending on which Bachmann head were used). Mr. Hoban wanted Lincoln bearded as he had appeared at Gettysburg, so #2514B was ordered.

The sculpture, then, was a stock item, ordered from a catalog of the P. P. Caproni Co.

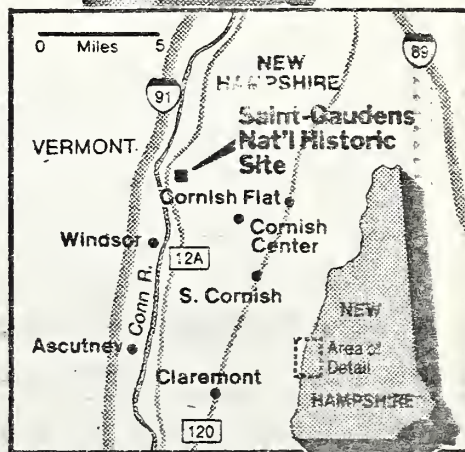
Bachmann and Ardisson were not and never have been members of the Museum staff. Bachmann was a sculptor who died in New York, Jan. 13, 1921. He designed the allegorical figures of the five continents for the Pulitzer Building in New York City. Gaetan (also spelled Gaitan) Ardisson was a sculptor of the American School, born in Italy. He died at Milford, Conn. in 1925. He was a plaster moulder who had been associated with Augustus Saint-Gaudens for years, and later with the Gorham Company.

I hope this has answered your questions.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Virginia A. La Fond". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, prominent "V" and a long, sweeping underline.

Virginia A. La Fond
Assistant Curator
Pennsylvania Collection of Fine Arts



Photographs by Richard W. Brown

The New York Times / July 24, 1983

Touring the Saint-Gaudens Sculpture Park

Artist's legacy in New Hampshire

By NOEL PERRIN

Where do you go to see great sculpture? To the museums of Rome, to the churches of Florence, to the galleries and parks of New York, Washington, Paris, London. Right? Sure. But you can also go to Cornish, an obscure town in New Hampshire. There you will see the largest collection of the work of the greatest sculptor, in my opinion, America has had: Augustus Saint-Gaudens. What you will be visiting is the Saint-Gaudens National Historic Site, now the only historic site in the country devoted to an artist, and the unquestioned jewel of anything administered by the National Park Service.

All this is possible because of the summer vacation habits of a 19th-century New York lawyer named Charles Cowenworth Beaman. Beaman, who was rich even for a 19th-century New York lawyer, loved to go to New

NOEL PERRIN is a professor of English at Dartmouth College.

Hampshire in summer, and he loved to give parties. It did not interest him to party with the local farmers (who were too busy getting their hay in, anyway).

Beaman consequently adopted the strategy of buying all the really nice houses in Cornish as they came on the market. At one time he owned 21, dotted over a thousand acres. Then he would rent them to interesting city friends, principally artists and writers. If everything worked out right, the interesting friend presently bought the house, and then there was a permanent addition to the summer party list. Beaman's part of Cornish became known locally as "Little New York."

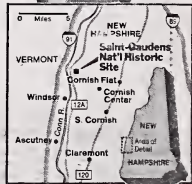
Saint-Gaudens got involved in the spring of 1885. He had a commission for the statue now known as the Standing Lincoln. The face was relatively easy. He planned to use Lincoln's death-mask as a starter. But how to model the body? His friend Beaman had a suggestion. Come to New Hampshire, Beaman said; the whole state is full of "Lincoln-shaped men." In fact, why not come for the summer and rent one of the 23 houses?

By June Saint-Gaudens was installed in an old house called Huggins' Folly. Huggins believed erroneously in 1860 that a new highway was going through, built an inn, and lost his shirt. Saint-Gaudens liked the place well enough to stay until November. The next summer he was back. In 1891, he bought the place.

He transformed Huggins' Folly from an austere New England structure into something half classical, half French provincial. The 21 acres of grounds changed even more. He turned the stable into one studio, built a second one from scratch. The native hemlock trees which the locals generally sawed into bridge timbers he transformed into ornamental topiary and hedges. There was sculpture everywhere. About midway in the transformation, one of his friends said the place reminded him of "A New England old maid struggling in the arms of a Greek faun."



Photographs by Robert H. Brown



The New York Times / July 24, 1983

From left, a summer concert in the garden at Saint-Gaudens National Historic Site; the Standing Lincoln.

She ceased to struggle. In the end, Saint-Gaudens achieved a remarkable synthesis between classical and New England rural. There for 14 years he worked on the Shaw Memorial (Robert G. Shaw was the colonel of the first body of black troops from a free state, Massachusetts, in the Civil War), later to be the subject of one of Robert Lowell's best poems. He did the great statue for Henry Adams that is popularly known as "Grief."

After Saint-Gaudens died in 1907, his wife and son turned the estate into a private museum, while continuing to live there. In 1919 they got a charter from the state of New Hampshire for what was now called the Saint-Gaudens Memorial, a public trust. And in 1963, the Federal Government took it over, and made it a National Historic Site.

Today the Saint-Gaudens estate is 149 acres. Primarily, of course, it serves as a museum of sculpture, both indoor and outdoor. But there is much else. Some descends from Saint-Gaudens, such as the long alley of white birches, which never fails to remind

visitors who know Russia of Tolstoy's grounds at Yasnaya Polyana. Some owe to the trustees, such as the series of Sunday afternoon concerts in one of the studios, now in its 31st year. Some has been added by the Government, such as the nicely laid-out walks through the woods you can take on land bought in the 1970's.

If you were to drive to the Saint-Gaudens estate for a Sunday concert, as I did a couple of weeks ago, you would take I-91 north along the Connecticut River to Exit 8 in Vermont, marked Acuteemy. Then you'd have a choice. You could go up along the Vermont side of the river the five miles to Windsor (which is where Saint-Gaudens eventually found his

"Lincoln-shaped" man — not a New Hampshire, after all, but a Vermont). That way you could cross over to New Hampshire on the longest covered bridge in this country. Or you could cross the river on an ordinary bridge right at the exit, and go up Route 12-A on the New Hampshire side. Either way, look for a clearly marked right-hand turn from 12-A, a couple of miles north of Windsor.

The drive in from 12-A is six-tenths of a from the Connecticut River valley. On both sides it is bordered by a row of giant white pines. Then you come to Saint-Gaudens: parking on your right, the estate on your left. The admission charge to the house and grounds is 50 cents. The concerts — a 2 P.M.

"piano concert" on July 31 and 4 P.M. concerts Aug. 7 and 14 — are free.

What you see is a very large New England pasture, walled in on all four sides with trees. I had the great field to myself by the simple device of arriving at 3 o'clock for a concert due to begin at 4. There was nothing but peace, solitude, birdsong and a few clumps of tall grass. From the little Greek temple with the urns and ashes of five members of the Saint-Gaudens family I wandered up to the sculptures. There are three principal outdoor pieces. There's a Lincoln, a copy of the Adams Memorial in Washington, and best of all there is one of Saint-Gaudens' working plaster casts for the Shaw Memorial.

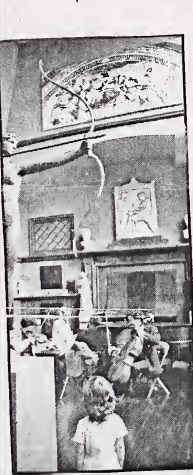
When I think of the esthetics of the National Park Service, I usually think of rather simple-minded exuberance: circles of painted rocks around trees, large boulders set at intervals along mountain roads, intensely rustic signs, logs. The Saint-Gaudens National Historic Site is not like that. It is elegant, restrained, and in stunningly good taste. The Shaw Memorial, which may be the most expressive on the 17 Civil War soldiers' faces you can see, is set behind a high gazebo, which just exactly frames it. The Lincoln is at the end of a little hemlock-bordered alley, the Adams in a court of living green.

Nearby, as you approach the indoor sculpture, is a circular gravel court with nothing but it but six white benches, as elegant in their plainness as Shaker work, and a single stone urn in the middle, with a handful of flowers blooming: three red, one pink. You approach that court past two hemlocks pruned to just the shape of the urn in the middle. If I wanted to impress a Japanese visitor with American taste, that court is one of the first places I'd take him.

By 3:30, there were a fair number of people wandering through the grounds and taking the tour of the house, though never enough to give a sense of crowdedness. Those on the tour heard about a 12-minute lecture by one of several extremely well-informed National Park Service guides. Meanwhile, visitors see the three principal rooms of the house. One, charming touch is a painting by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, the sculptor's wife, of an apartment the couple once had in Paris, and from which they later moved the furniture to New Hampshire. One looks from painted walls to real sets.

By 4 o'clock every one of the 80 seats in the gallery was occupied, and an overflow crowd was seated on the broad porch. There were tourists from Wisconsin, retired professors from Dartmouth, a considerable number of children.

After the concert I went back for a last look at the Shaw Memorial. Looking at those intent faces, I thought of William Howarth's comment on Saint-Gaudens — that at his best he shows "a mythic figure, caught forever in an act of life." I also thought that when you want to be out of big New York on a hot summer weekend (in fact, the site is open to the end of October), Little New York is in fact, place to go. Even if Mr. Beaman is no longer throwing his Saturday-night dances.



A reduced-size detail from the Sherman monument.

Touring the Saint-Gaudens Sculpture Park

Artist's legacy in New Hampshire

By NOEL PERRIN

Where do you go to see great sculpture? To the museums of Rome, to the churches of Florence, to the galleries and parks of New York, Washington, Paris, London. Right? Sure. But you can also go to Cornish, an obscure town in New Hampshire. There you will see the largest collection of the work of the greatest sculptor, in my opinion, America has had: Augustus Saint-Gaudens. What you will be visiting is the Saint-Gaudens National Historic Site, now the only historic site in the country devoted to an artist, and the unquestioned jewel of anything administered by the National Park Service.

All this is possible because of the summer vacation habits of a 19th-century New York lawyer named Charles Cotesworth Beaman. Beaman, who was rich even for a 19th-century New York lawyer, loved to go to New

Hampshire in summer, and he loved to give parties. It did not interest him to party with the local farmers (who were too busy getting their hay in anyway).

Beaman consequently adopted the strategy of buying all the really nice houses in Cornish as they came on the market. At one time he owned 23, dotted over a thousand acres. Then he would rent them to interesting city friends, principally artists and writers. If everything worked out right, the interesting friend presently bought the house, and then there was a permanent addition to the summer party list. Beaman's part of Cornish became known locally as "Little New York."

Saint-Gaudens got involved in the spring of 1885. He had a commission for the statue now known as the Standing Lincoln. The face was relatively easy: He planned to use Lincoln's death-mask as a starter. But how to model the body? His friend Beaman had a suggestion. Come to New Hampshire, Beaman said; the whole state is full of "Lincoln-shaped men." In fact, why not come for the summer and rent one of the 23 houses?

By June Saint-Gaudens was installed in an old house called Huggins' Folly — Huggins believed erroneously in 1805 that a new highway was going through, built an inn, and lost his shirt. Saint-Gaudens liked the place well enough to stay until November. The next summer he was back. In 1891, he bought the place.

He transformed Huggins' Folly from an austere New England structure into something half classical, half French provincial. The 22 acres of grounds changed even more. He turned the stable into one studio, built a second one from scratch. The native hemlock trees which the locals generally sawed into bridge timbers he transformed into ornamental topiary and hedges. There was sculpture everywhere. About midway in the transformation, one of his friends said the place reminded him of "a New England old maid struggling in the arms of a Greek faun."

NOEL PERRIN is a professor of English at Dartmouth College.



From left, a su



AP LASERPHOTO

These bronze casts of Abraham Lincoln's face and hands have been reported stolen by Chicago's Glessner House Museum.

Bronze casts of Lincoln at Chicago museum stolen

Associated Press

CHICAGO — Rare bronze casts of Abraham Lincoln's head and hands by Augustus Saint-Gaudens have been stolen, and police and museum officials said Saturday they suspect the theft is an inside job.

"In theory, we just don't know how anyone could have gotten in and done this since the house was closed to the public at the time" and security alarms weren't tripped, said Carol Callahan, curator of the Glessner House Museum.

Callahan on Saturday wouldn't give the value of the set, though she previously estimated it in the tens of thousands of dollars. The set was insured, she said.

Police questioned everyone

who was in the museum Thursday, but no charges have been filed, police Sgt. Kenneth Januszyk said.

"We have no evidence that anyone actually forced their way in," Januszyk said. "We have to assume that if it was a burglary, someone had to have a key."

The sculpture, made from a plaster cast taken of Lincoln shortly after he was elected president, was last seen an hour before the museum closed Thursday. It was discovered missing early Friday before the museum opened, Callahan said.

The tightly guarded museum has an electronic security system, and visitors must phone from the front door to be escorted in. They are also escorted out when they leave.

Contents

6

ALLAN HOUSER SCULPTS THE PASSIONS OF NATIVE AMERICAN LIFE

by Joy A. Mayo

Houser's eighty years of devotion to creating art will make him remembered as the father of twentieth-century Native American sculpture.



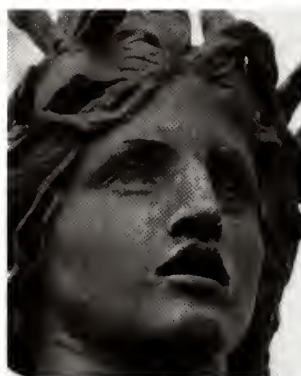
6

12

FOUR REMEMBERED SCULPTORS

A memorial for four fine sculptors:

Paul Suttman, Domenico Facci,
Wolfgang Behl, and John Calabro.



16

16

RESTORATION OF THE SHERMAN MEMORIAL: THE CONTINUING CONTROVERSY

gathered by Caroline Goldsmith

A diversified collection of remarks and opinions about the gilding of Augustus Saint-Gaudens' General William Tecumseh Sherman Memorial.



22

22

REVISITING THE EGYPTIAN WORLD ORDER AT THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM

by Dena Merriam

An exploration of Egyptian sculpture as displayed at The Brooklyn Museum's new galleries which opened one year ago.

30

EXHIBITION REVIEW

by Meredith Bergmann

A review of the National Sculpture Society's 1994 Exhibition
All Sculpture Great and Small.

32

SCULPTURE NEWS

Public Art Fund commissions

The Other Monument, Asia Society's Chinese Ceramics, Cypress Gardens unveils Wildlife Sculpture Exhibition, and Small Bronzes from the Collection of the Chrysler Museum.

33

NATIONAL SCULPTURE SOCIETY NEWS

The opening of *Westward Ho!* which includes sculpture inspired by the American West, Marshall Fredericks' latest piece unveiled at the Cranbrook Academy of Art, and an announcement of the 1994 Annual Exhibition Awards.

34

VIDEO REVIEWS

by Amy Frushour

A new approach to learning how to sculpt, with videos featuring Bruno Lucchesi, Tim Maslyn and A. Wasil.



kee, 1945; and the Eisendrath Prize, Art Institute of Chicago, 1944.

Character study also formed the body of much of the sculpture of **John Calabro** (1914-1994). George Bernard Shaw, Madame Curie, President Eisenhower, Thomas Edison, Leonardo da Vinci, Abraham Lincoln, Christopher Columbus, John F. Kennedy and Louis Armstrong are among the personalities that were the subjects of his portrait sculpture. "My greatest joy is to capture the inner soul of the person," said the sculptor about his fascination with portraiture.

A *New York Times* article in the mid

*John Calabro
was once called
a "Modern Michelangelo"
because of the way
he adopted his method
of hacking away
at a material.*

1970s called the sculptor a "modern Michelangelo" because of the way he adopted Michelangelo's method of hacking away directly at whatever medium he was working with. Coming from seven generations of artists, Calabro grew up surrounded by stone: his father was a stonecutter and sculptor.

Calabro was a fellow of the National Sculpture Society, a fellow and life member of the American Artist Professional League, a member of the Leonardo da Vinci Society of Fort Lee, New Jersey, and belonged to the Northern Valley Coin Club in Demarest, New Jersey. ♀





Restoration of the Sherman Memorial:

The Continuing Controversy

Gathered by Caroline Goldsmith

The restoration of the *Sherman Memorial* continues to evoke strong reactions from viewers. Out of concern for the critical issue of sculpture preservation, *Sculpture Review* asked several experts for their comments and opinions about the restoration of this major work of American sculpture.

The conservation goals for the restoration project were developed by a special committee of the New York City Art Commission Conservation Advisory Group. Experts in sculpture conservation as well as specialists from the Saint-Gaudens National Historical Site in Cornish, New Hampshire, joined in the development of treatment goals, review and selection of conservation proposals, and oversight of the treatment process. The donor who sponsored the restoration was also involved in the process. No stage of the work was authorized without consensus of the interested parties.

The following comments have been gathered from professionals in the art world who have demonstrated strong opinions on this issue.

JOHN DRYFHOUT — *Superintendent of Saint-Gaudens National Historic Site*
In 1903, when the General William Tecumseh Sherman monument was unveiled in New York City's Grand Army Plaza, at the entrance of Central Park on Fifth Avenue, Augustus Saint-Gaudens (1848-1907), the monument's sculptor, made sure that the gilding on the sculpture was just right.

Saint-Gaudens was in Cornish, New Hampshire, in December 1902 when the cases with the newly cast bronze arrived from Paris. He had the bronze shipped via railway and set up on a knoll outside the studio with the trees



"William Tecumseh
Sherman Monument," 1892-1903.
Bronze. Before restoration.

Opposite Top:
After restoration.

Opposite Bottom:
Before restoration.

The crown jewel of Central Park's sculpture collection is Augustus Saint-Gaudens' *Sherman Memorial* in Grand Army Plaza, at Fifth Avenue and 60th Street. This magnificent bronze, the finest equestrian monument in America, was conserved and regilded in 1989. Its bright renewal, in such dramatic contrast with the work's previous appearance, has provoked much comment, not all of it favorable.

ELIZABETH BARLOW ROGERS —
Central Park Administrator

surrounding it, just as it would appear in New York City. With the assistance of a master painter/decorator, James Wall Finn completed the gilding before it was recreated and shipped to New York City.

During the early spring of 1903, while the sculpture was stored next to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Saint-Gaudens had Finn gild it again. Saint-Gaudens said he was "sick of seeing statues look like stovepipes." When critics commented about waiting for the gilding to wear off, Saint-Gaudens replied that he had added two coats of gold leaf to prevent just that.

In 1929, when the Gorham Company regilded the monument for the city, apparently the gold leaf had not been matted or toned down. In 1934, a letter of complaint was sent from the architectural firm that collaborated with Saint-Gaudens on the monument development. McKim, Mead & White complained to both the New York City Art Commission and the Parks Commission—to no avail, as the firm was informed "it was not in their sphere of action." Subsequently, McKim, Mead & White paid for the toning of the gilding, as well as the gilding of the bronze accessory elements on the pink granite base, as was done originally.

It is ironic that, when the monument was last regilded by Les Méalliers Champenois Corporation, the toning and the matting again were neglected. The whole issue was to be reviewed by expert conservators, curators and members of the monuments subcommittee. To date, nothing has been done about the finishing of the gilded surface. It is our understanding that the "public-minded citizen" has offered to pay for the finishing—but to no avail.

RICILARD J. SCHWARTZ — Arts Philanthropist and Funder of the Sherman Memorial Restoration
The following excerpt is taken from Schwartz' letter to the editor of the New York Times, published July 5, 1990.

Paul Goldberger states in his June 28 review of the restoration of Manhattan's Grand Army Plaza: "In fact, the bright

gilding, which will fade gradually in New York City air, is believed by many scholars and by the city's Art Commission to be the most likely match for the original finish of the sculpture, which was mounted on its pedestal at Fifth Avenue and Central Park South in 1903."

This is misleading. As Homer Saint-Gaudens, the artist's son, stated about the *Sherman Memorial* in his notes to the manuscript for *Reminiscences of Augustus Saint-Gaudens*: "The whole figure received two coats of gold leaf which was matted and toned down." Furthermore, Arthur Beale, a member of the Art Com-



Above:
After restoration.

Opposite:
Before restoration.

mission's Bronze Committee, director of research at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and one of the country's foremost conservators, has been developing a toner to apply to the sculpture. A meeting of the committee to review his recommendations is to be held shortly.

As the benefactor who provided funds for the restoration of the statue, I have been dismayed by the public relations campaign waged by those who do not want to complete the project properly by applying the correct toner, thus giving the monument the esthetic appearance it once had and should have again.

As to the prediction that New York City air will do what the conservators have thus far refused to do, the new gilding is protected from pollution by a heavy coat of gelatin. Moreover, the foundation I head has agreed to provide the funds to maintain the monument in perpetuity.

What the review calls "New York's most famous equestrian statue" looks garish and vulgar and not at all like the great work of art it is, to many of the untutored as well as to scholars and professionals. But, regardless of esthetic evaluations, the restoration in its present unfinished state is irrefutably historically inaccurate.

ELIZABETH BARLOW ROGERS — Central Park Administrator

One of the primary directives in the American Institute for Conservation's Code of Ethics and Standards of Practice is respect for original artistic intent. There is a danger of falsifying the meaning of a work of art by filtering its appearance through our current tastes.

The issue of a statue's patina is one in which current and past tastes can differ. During a long period of neglect, few of our sculptures were properly maintained, causing them to weather. As a result, preservationists often prefer a patina that is much more subdued in tone and even radically different from the original. There is nothing wrong with this preference, but in most cases, honoring it would be an insult to the artist's original conception of the work in question.

There can be no doubt that the *Sherman Memorial* should remain gilded if we wish to respect Saint-Gaudens' wishes. We are fortunate to have Saint-Gaudens' own thoughts on his piece, as recorded by his son Homer:

"He had always spent much time on the color of his productions, struggling to obtain the proper 'mat' upon their surfaces either by paints, acids or gold leaf, and in case of the 'Sherman' he explained, I am sick of seeing statues look like stove pipes.

Other documents confirm that Saint-Gaudens had two layers of gold-



leaf applied to the monument at his own expense. Despite his hope that the gold would remain for centuries, it required reapplication at least once before the 1989 treatment. Much further research went into selecting a tone and finish of the gilding layer in accordance with Saint-Gaudens' choices.

Any controversy that the gilding may have caused should be viewed as the repercussion of very positive forces, such as the interests of the owner and the public. Only with such continued interest can we hope for the necessary support in preserving our public sculpture heritage for the future.

TIM MARSHALL — *First Deputy Administrator of Central Park*

To the dismay of all of us, the restoration of the *Sherman Memorial* was not universally hailed upon its completion. The problem was not so much the gold coating as its bright, untuned surface. It should be made clear that toning of the gold was never a part of the original treatment plans; therefore, it was neither intended nor budgeted in the treatment that was reviewed and accepted by all parties.

Authorities proposed a toning of the gilding through a pigmented coating application, since there was evidence suggesting that this had been done by Saint-Gaudens' first treatment. Disagreements unfolded concerning the question of the proper methods to follow, or whether a coating application was advisable at all. After the unveiling of the monument, positions on this matter polarized, making it impossible to come to an agreement and proceed. Some of this can be blamed on our not having reached out to the public to enlist their support for this project. Had we done that, perhaps the dramatic change in the appearance of the *Sherman Memorial* would not have been as much of a shock.

Further research will result in the development of a proposal to tone the gilding, which is currently under consideration by the Art Commission. We hope to receive approval and proceed with this in the near future. Meanwhile,

the gilding has been cleaned and is being maintained regularly through our Monuments Conservation Program.

KENT BARWICK — *President, Municipal Art Society*

It was only a few years ago that the grandeur of this cherished monument by Augustus Saint-Gaudens fell prey to the virulent effects of industrial pollution. Dulled, corroded and discolored, the expressive details of the bronze were transformed to black and matte "old stovepipes." Its distressed appearance prophetically fulfilled a vision of the esteemed sculptor who feared that all bronze statuary would be victim to a modern industrial environment.

Saint-Gaudens had studied in Paris, where he was schooled in the Beaux-Arts tradition. French artists at the turn of the century were fascinated with the possibilities of patination and color manipulation. For that reason, Saint-Gaudens chose, in that most "Gilded Age," to gild the *Sherman Memorial* at his own expense. The splendor lasted 25 years and was regilded again in the 1920s. Amid the Depression, wars and distractions, the majestic *Sherman* languished in a state of disrepair until 1989, when the masterpiece was rescued by art patron and civil benefactor Richard J. Schwartz. Once again it was regilded, and the missing palm frond and sword were recast and replaced. Now that it is restored, we are able to see Saint-Gaudens' original and spectacular conception.

Yet the dazzle of the golden image may have blinded some to the fact that the artist intended a more subdued coating for his work. Many assumed that time and the elements would soften the gloss and dilute the glitter, but there is no sign of the almost too-perfect patina mellowing. I think more active intervention should be considered. Reportedly, one of the leading national bronze conservators has developed a toner capable of dulling the finish, and ample photographic evidence exists from Saint-Gaudens' archives to guide the process toward the result the artist intended.

The *Sherman* is one of America's most significant works of art and the centerpiece of our city. To allow it to remain only partially restored is to do the sculptor and the city a disservice.

ARTHUR BEALE — *Director of Objects and Scientific Research for the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; Member, New York City Art Commission*

Of the dozens of outdoor sculpture conservation projects that I have advised for the Art Commission, I feel only one was not carried out to a satisfactory conclusion—the *Sherman Memorial*.

By the time this project began, the Bronze Conservation Working Group had become a rather cohesive and productive committee, with growing experience as the conservation of many outdoor sculptures was completed under New York City's very successful Adopt-a-Monument program. Because of the *Sherman Memorial's* artistic importance and visible location, the Working Group was expanded to include art historians. The group quickly came to an agreement for a complete restoration and recommended this to the Art Commission. The restoration procedure included replacement of missing elements, regilding and toning. The conservation firm Les Métalliers Champenois (LMC) was selected for the restoration because it had the greatest experience in gilding.

The treatment was modified to include opening an existing access panel on the top rear of Sherman's horse and working inside the sculpture to replace many corroded structural iron bolts. External cleaning of the bronze was also expanded to include walnut-shell blasting to remove the old coating. A separate conservator was hired for this operation. Although LMC Corporation fully cooperated with these modifications to its original treatment plan, the firm argued strongly against a final toning of the gilding. Prime among the reasons expressed by the company's gilder, who was brought from France for the job, was that the durability of the gilding, which LMC

guaranteed, might be compromised. This issue created a sharp division of opinion among the Bronze Conservation Working Group, with all the curatorial and conservation members trying to be true to the artist's original intent. We were all left feeling as if our professional expertise was being ignored at a critical juncture in the treatment.

Funds for my active participation in the New York Adopt-a-Monument program were exhausted. Although the debate went on, the funding for the *Sherman* conservation was not to be replenished because the donor felt the project had not been carried out to a satisfactory conclusion but had instead misrepresented the artist's original intent.

Years have passed and, although I occasionally volunteer technical opinions on a few lingering Art Commission projects, including the *Sherman*, my help has not been very effective. Those on the scene whose opinion I value said that a recent attempt to tone the gilding was unsuccessful. Perhaps the next generation of those charged with the responsibility of conserving this great work will be more successful in bringing the aesthetic value of the *Sherman Memorial* to life again.

LINDA MERK-GOULD —

Conservator, Fellow of AIC and IIC

The conservation treatment of Augustus Saint-Gaudens' *Sherman* sculpture was an important step in returning the sculpture closer to the artist's original intent. Correspondence from the period when it was made reflect the importance that Saint-Gaudens placed on having the piece gilded. The recent return of the sculpture to its gilded appearance was quite startling to many who had grown accustomed to its mottled green-and-black surface. A similar public reaction occurred after its original installation. However, to an outdoor sculpture conservator such as myself, that mottled and streaked appearance reflects decades of neglect and corrosion—not a “noble patina.”

Period documents also indicate that the final appearance was not solely to be

gilded, but was to incorporate toning as well. In fact, Saint-Gaudens' correspondence with Daniel Chester French reflects his preference that the sculpture be toned darker, and Saint-Gaudens encourages French to have his planned gilded sculptures toned darker as well. Application of such a toning would be my preference so that the artist's intent would be more closely realized in the restoration of this important sculpture.

ROBERT WHITE — *Fellow of the National Sculpture Society*

It occurred to me that all old, loved things—newly shined—are shocking. My earliest memory of this kind of mess is the cleaning of the Rembrandts by the Dutch restorers in the Netherlands. The howl was calamitous and deafening, but after a couple of years had passed, it became clear to anyone who was not “blind or an idiot,” as Mark Twain once said, that the work of restoration had revealed that the master of masters, on top of all his other enormous capacities, was a brilliant colorist.

So when I am faced with the outrage over the reflective brilliance of the *Sherman Memorial* of Saint Gaudens in Grand Army Plaza—I tend to favor the gold. I think it is beautiful. So looked the *Marcus Aurelius* and all other bronzes of Greece and Rome, gilt or polished.

Most historical human works have been bright and festive—even the dark romanesque cathedrals were as gay as their creators knew how to make them. The huge, brooding incubus of romanticism, one hundred and fifty years old (I speak as a romantic), holds us in thrall to splendid ruin and sad decay. All things must be heavy with melancholy and the obscuring stains of time.

Now, the *Sherman Memorial* is very hard and unrelieved, and it is difficult to see and offensive for many to behold. Time and our evil atmosphere are meant to take care of that, but some years have passed, and the gilding seems as dazzling as ever. I was frightened by several otherwise knowledgeable people who told me that the gold had been sealed under plastic to inhibit

change, but this is not the case.

My fears were put to rest at last by John Dryfhout, the director of the Saint-Gaudens National Historic Site in Cornish, New Hampshire. He informed me that the gold is bare, and he handed me a copy of the proposal from the Central Park Conservancy, by Mark Rabinowitz, Director of Conservation and Sculpture, to tone the gold with a benign wax medium and to satisfy a nearly general and pressing need. It seems unlikely that this proposal, a matter of no grand expense, will be rejected. Mr. Dryfhout also tells me that the last gilding, in the thirties, had been left untuned as well; and that my father, Lawrence Grant White of the architectural firm McKim, Mead & White (after raising hell to the press) committed the firm to undertaking the toning at its own expense. *Semper fidelis.*

ALICE FORMAN —

New York City Artist

The gold-leafing of Augustus Saint-Gaudens' equestrian sculpture adds a luster and gleam that is exactly right for its Fifth Avenue neighborhood. That area of New York City symbolizes tradition, elegance and expensive luxury to residents and tourists alike—the Plaza Hotel, Bergdorf Goodman, Tiffany's and the Central Park entranceway. It is a place of magic, special occasions and the height of commercial success.

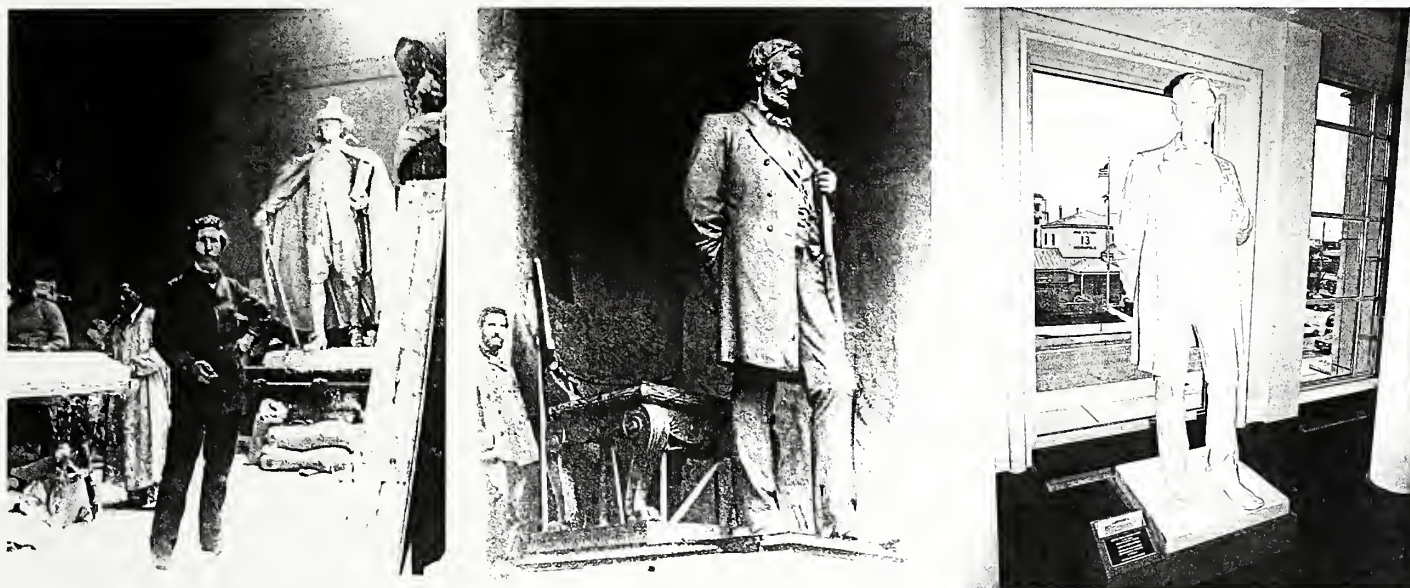
It is impossible now to replicate the 19th-century eye, which would have picked out certain details and subdued others. The brilliance of the gold leaf works particularly well because the area around the statue is so distracting with heavy traffic, hundreds of pedestrians and huge buildings.

Let's not confuse guilt over social problems and the inequities of the human race (i.e., “*The Other Monument*” by Judith Shea, recently installed just a few yards away) with discomfort over the brilliance of the gilding. The sites for public works of art can be places of inspiration, aspiration and commonality. As an artist, this work and this place are that for me. ■■■■



STANDING LINCOLN

BRUCE L. JOHNSON



LEFT AND CENTER PHOTOS COURTESY U.S. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, NATIONAL PARK SERVICE, SAINT-GAUDENS NATIONAL HISTORIC SITE, CORNHURST, N.H. RIGHT PHOTO BY KIM CHARLES FERGUSON

LEFT: Augustus Saint-Gaudens in his Paris studio, 1898. Behind him is a model of his statue *The Puritan*. CENTER: Saint-Gaudens and *Standing Lincoln*, circa 1887. RIGHT: The Indiana Historical Society displays a plaster version of *Standing Lincoln* at its downtown Indianapolis headquarters.

Abraham Lincoln lived in Indiana from December 1816 until March 1830, from ages seven to twenty-one, and here he established his fundamental character. To recognize and celebrate Lincoln's Indiana roots, Hoosiers over the years have erected memorials throughout the state. The Indiana Historical Society recently acquired a commemorative piece of its own: a plaster sculpture of *Standing Lincoln* created by renowned artist Augustus Saint-Gaudens.

Herb and Dee Sweet, owners of the Acorn Farm in Hamilton County, Indiana, donated the sculpture to the Society in the fall of 2000. Saint-Gaudens created the steel-reinforced plaster model as a last step before casting the final work in bronze. The finished piece, completed in 1887, stands in Chicago's Lincoln Park. The Society displays its plaster version in its Indianapolis headquarters, on the south mezzanine of the Great Hall.

Saint-Gaudens, well-known for his large public monuments, was born in Dublin, Ireland, on 1 March 1848. His

father was a French shoemaker, Bernard P. E. Saint-Gaudens; his mother, Mary McGuinness, was Irish. While still an infant, Augustus Saint-Gaudens moved with his family to New York to escape the Irish potato famine, and at the age of thirteen he became an apprentice to a cameo cutter. Desiring a formal art education, he used this skill to earn a living while studying at night at the Cooper Union and the National Academy of Design in New York. His earliest sculptural work was a bronze bust of his father done in 1867. A year later he traveled to Paris and studied at the École Gratuite de Dessin; later he was admitted to the École des Beaux-Arts as a student of François Jouffroy.

Late in 1870, Saint-Gaudens set out for Rome. While there—still supporting himself by cameo cutting—he worked two years copying famous antique statues on commission and starting his first imaginative statue, *Hiawatha*. During the winter of 1872–73 he was back in New York making several clay portrait studies, which he carved in Rome between 1873 and 1875.

When Saint-Gaudens returned to New York in 1875, his skill as a sculptor was widely recognized, and he began to play an increasingly active role in the nation's artistic life.

He rented a studio in the German Savings Bank building and formed friendships with several men who became the nucleus of an American artistic renaissance, including painter John La Farge and architects Henry Hobson Richardson, Stanford White, and Charles Follen McKim.

In 1877 Saint-Gaudens married Augusta F. Homer, a distant cousin of American painter Winslow Homer, and the newlyweds moved to Paris later that year. In Paris, Saint-Gaudens used drawings made in collaboration with La Farge to carry out a reredos (an ornamental screen or partition wall behind an altar) for Saint Thomas Church in New York. He also executed a monument to Admiral David Glasgow Farragut in Madison Square, New York, the base of which he designed in cooperation with White. The monument was commissioned in 1876, exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1880, and unveiled in 1881.

Saint-Gaudens and his wife moved back to New York in 1880; their son, Homer, was born that same year. From the time he returned to America until the end of the century, Saint-Gaudens executed most of the works that earned him his great reputation. Working with La Farge, in 1881 he created two caryatids (draped female figures supporting an entablature) for a fireplace in the home of Cornelius Vanderbilt. (The fireplace is now in New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art.) From 1883 to 1886 he worked on a sculpture of Deacon Samuel Chapin: known as *The Puritan*, it stands in Springfield, Massachusetts. Between 1884 and 1887 he executed *Abraham Lincoln: The Man*. Better known as *Standing Lincoln*, this is the statue whose plaster version is on display at the Society.

The work that many people consider Saint-Gaudens's greatest is a memorial to Mrs. Henry Adams. Executed between 1886 and 1891 and standing in Rock Creek Cemetery in Washington, D.C., the mysterious figure with shaded face is often called *Grief*, but perhaps "peace" or "nirvana" better conveys the sculptor's meaning. Also well known is a Saint-Gaudens piece in Boston, a monument to Robert Gould Shaw, colonel of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, the first African-American Union regiment in the Civil War. Colonel Shaw and many in his regiment were killed during an 18 July 1863 attack on Fort Wagner, Charleston Harbor, South Carolina. Colonel Shaw, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, and that battle were the basis for the motion picture *Glory*, which starred Matthew Broderick as Shaw. Saint-Gaudens finally completed the monument in 1897 after thirteen years of work, and it is most remarkable for its expression of movement and the individual sculpting of the faces.

In 1903 Saint-Gaudens completed his equestrian statue (begun in 1892) of General William T. Sherman, located at the entrance to New York's Central Park. Around this time he also designed gold coins and many medallions, undertaken originally as diversion from more serious work; they show the influence of Renaissance medals and his early cameo cutting. Examples include designs on the U.S. ten- and twenty-dollar pieces of 1907.

Saint-Gaudens died of intestinal cancer at Cornish, New Hampshire, on 3 August 1907. In his forty-year career he created works that have had a powerful influence on art in the United States. Today he is regarded by many as the nation's greatest sculptor.

The Society is pleased to hold in its collections an example of Saint-Gaudens's work. While working on *Standing Lincoln*, Saint-Gaudens recalled the impression that Lincoln had made upon him when, as a young man in 1860, he had seen the president-elect. As Saint-Gaudens later recalled, Lincoln was "standing in a carriage, his dark uncovered head bent in contemplative acknowledgement of the people who were waiting to hear him speak, as the broadcloth of his black coat shone rich and silken in the sunlight."

Saint-Gaudens began the modeling for *Standing Lincoln* at Cornish, New Hampshire, in the summer of 1885. He used as a model Langdon Morse, a Yankee from Windsor, Vermont, who at six feet, four inches tall was the same height as Lincoln. For Lincoln's head and hands, Saint-Gaudens relied upon the life casts made in 1860 by Leonard W. Volk, which he learned were in the possession of his fellow artist and friend Wyatt Eaton. Saint-Gaudens chose to depict Lincoln in a stance the president typically assumed before making a speech.

To translate an idea into a sculpture, Saint-Gaudens worked first with notations or early sketches, then increasingly specific three-dimensional clay models. When subjects were not available to sit for him, he worked from photographs. The sculptor also had photographs taken of his works as they progressed, which were enlarged so he could check a work's planned proportions.

Once his plan for a piece was well established, he made an enlarged plaster figure, such as the one of *Standing Lincoln* now on exhibition at the Society. From the plaster version, he cast a final work in bronze or carved one in marble. The original bronze sculpture of *Standing Lincoln* in Lincoln Park features the president in front of a chair of state, in a setting designed by Saint-Gaudens's architect friend White. While the plaster version on display at the Society lacks these details, it nonetheless provides a good opportunity to see Saint-Gaudens's work close to home, and it serves as a fitting reminder of Indiana's role in Lincoln's development.

Bruce L. Johnson is director of the Indiana Historical Society's William Henry Smith Memorial Library.

SAINT GAUDENS' WORK IS GIVEN PREFERENCE

Statue of Lincoln in Seated
Pose Imperialistic, but
Also Kindly.

BY MARGUERITE B. WILLIAMS.

With the unearthing of Lincoln portraits and relics which the season calls for, the Saint Gaudens' statue, resurrected from its years of waiting in storage and erected on the South boulevard, takes precedence over everything else.

As we come to look on this magnificent statue (the gift of John Crerar) day in and day out, it may be we shall decide it is a greater conception of Lincoln than the standing figure made by Saint Gaudens for Lincoln park, generally conceded to be the finest statue of Lincoln. It was thus that Saint Gaudens himself considered it, for it was the idea toward which he tended when he made the standing Lincoln and which he was so anxious to carry out in his riper years after the standing statue had been completed.

In the standing figure, he tells us, it was his desire to express Lincoln the man, and, in his seated figure, Lincoln the head of the state.

Statue Is "Imperialistic."

There is to the seated figure a sense of security and victory, imperialistic though it may be. But it is an imperialism, we are reminded by a glance at this man of the people, not of brute force or birth but of force of character, vision and great kindness. Though other sculptors have since put Lincoln in a chair of throne-like suggestions, at the time when Saint Gaudens made this statue he did not have the benefit of their experiments, and the problem of the chair was a difficult one, his son tells us in his reminiscences of his father.

Saint Gaudens shifted three four-foot models back and forth over seats of countless shapes and sizes until he satisfied himself as to the right combination. Another anecdote told in connection with this statue is that Saint Gaudens almost lost his chance to make it. On the day that he was to meet the committee in regard to the commission he was so engrossed in some work that he forgot the hour of the appointment. After waiting an hour for him the committee disbanded, one member remarking that any man so oblivious of punctuality should not be entrusted with the monument, while another, later learning the cause, felt that if he was so

engrossed in his work he was just the man to do the work well.

How lacking was the Victorian era of Lincoln in artists capable of recording more than the physical lineaments of the man! It is to sculpture made by sculptors, stirred by youthful memories of Lincoln, that we must turn to find our most satisfying portraits of Lincoln. One of the most sensitively conceived of these is the Lincoln by Daniel French, of which Mrs. John E. Jenkins has recently acquired a replica of the model.

Youthful memories created a halo of romance about Lincoln for Saint Gaudens. Sitting at his lathe cutting cameos, he tells us that he saw from his window in lower New York the excitement of presidential elections, soldiers gathering and departing for war and, later, their homecoming, wounded. There he saw Lincoln bowing to the crowds. And later Saint Gaudens joined the interminable line that led to his bier when he was lying in state in the city hall, only to go back to the end of the line that he might look again.

Cartoon Exhibit Interests.

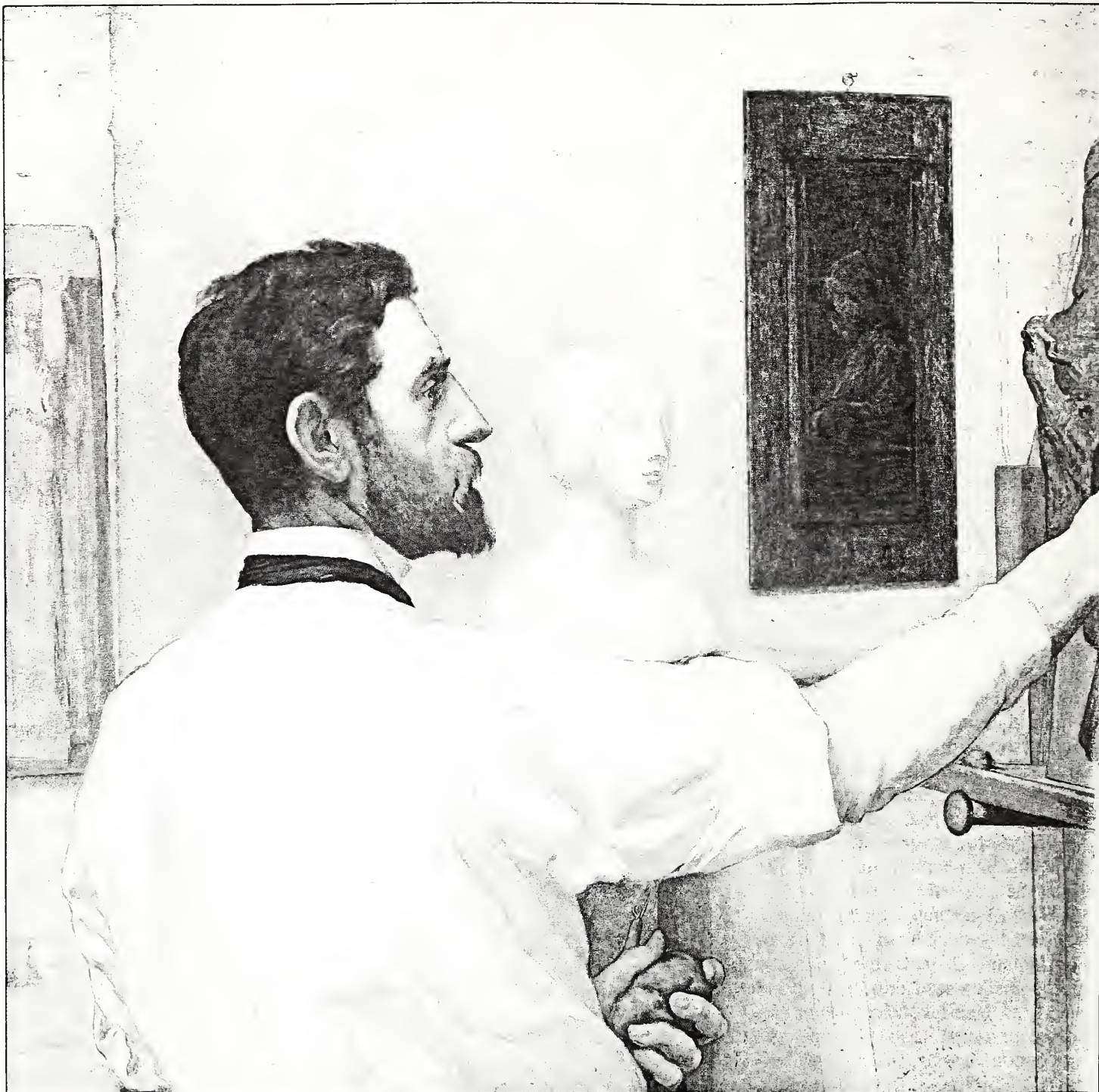
Much interest this week also centers around the Lincoln portrait and political cartoons formerly belonging to Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, now being displayed at the J. W. Young galleries in the Fine Arts building. The portrait was painted by Jesse Atwood, apparently a popular portrait artist of his day, living in Philadelphia who went to Springfield, Ill., to paint Lincoln from life, some time between the election of Lincoln in 1860 and his inauguration in 1861. The portrait seems to emphasize a rather worn expression and the harshly drawn lines about his mouth, though it is claimed that Lincoln regarded this as the best portrait of himself painted. But the '60s were not a brilliant period for portrait painting, and though the Atwood portrait is conscientiously enough done there is nothing in it to fire the imagination.

Neither were there great cartoonists in Lincoln's time, artists whose humorous outlook on the times yied with great resourcefulness and ingenuity in this line. But Lincoln, the head of the state, as Saint Gaudens immortalized him, we are quite aware could never have been, had Lincoln not have had his hour of trial, ridicule and misunderstanding.

Here is an unlovely Lincoln asleep on his bed dreaming that Columbia is driving him from the white house with the head of a Negro. A more humorous ef-

fort is the miscegenation party which pictures Lincoln being introduced to Dinah Arabella Araminta Squash, while other famous characters of the day make merry with buxom colored ladies in holiday attire, and Harriet Beecher Stowe makes love with a Negro dandy. Many of these are lithographs bearing the name of Currier and Ives and were published as separate sheets more in the nature of posters.

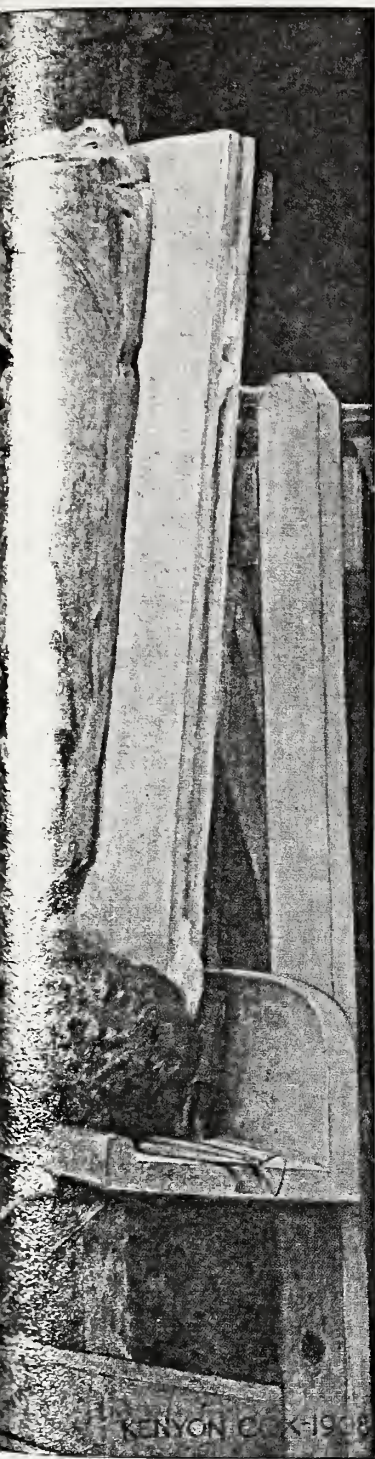
But cherish as we do these intimate souvenirs of Lincoln, the artist, as time goes on, comes to think more and more of the abstract qualities for which Lincoln stood and how, through forms of beauty, he may express them. No one could improve on Saint Gaudens' realistic portraits of Lincoln, which some day may give way to busts combined with architectural and symbolic ideas, for it is a well-known fact that the artist concerned with beauty is not particularly thrilled with the costume which our age has inflicted on this hero and he seeks some way of getting round it. Two interesting examples of this departure have recently come to our attention in the sketch for the Lincoln highway, made by Alfonso Lannelli and William Schwartz' idealistic painting of Lincoln, the emancipator, in which Lincoln appeared in Roman toga (exhibited at annual exhibition).



SAINT-GAUDENS

His works ranged from intimate cameos to heroic public monuments. America has produced no greater sculptor.

by Ruth Mehrtens Galvin



Saint-Gaudens, at work on a portrait plaque of the painter William Merritt Chase, was in turn painted by Kenyon Cox in 1908. An earlier portrait of him by Cox had been burned in a fire in 1904.

For the “mysterious aura” of his art, a critic has compared him to Thomas Eakins. In the “haunting grandeur” of his sculpture, he is the equal of Auguste Rodin. Both historian and idealist, an artist whose work encompasses realism and allegory, Augustus Saint-Gaudens satisfied popular taste while managing to grow steadily as an artist. An American pioneer in moving sculpture from single to multiple figures and from carved stone to cast bronze, he completed more than two hundred commissions over a thirty-year working life. They range from decorations for a Vanderbilt mantelpiece and billiard-room panels to fountains, tombs, and the thirteen-foot nude *Diana* atop New York’s Madison Square Garden, which the historian John A. Kouwenhoven considers “probably the best-loved statue ever erected in the city.” They could be as small as the twenty-dollar gold piece—acknowledged to be the most beautiful American coin—and as large as the sculptured plaques for a sixty-foot-high pink granite pyramid on Sherman Summit, Wyoming, honoring Oliver and Oakes Ames. His works survive him all across America and, abroad, in Dublin, Edinburgh, and Paris. His living subjects included Mrs. Grover Cleveland, William Dean Howells, and Robert Louis Stevenson; his posthumous ones, Abraham Lincoln and Marian Hooper Adams. A monument to the latter, in Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington, D.C., may be his most extraordinary achievement, rivaled only by his Shaw Memorial, the most moving work of art to come out of the Civil War. His bronze bas-reliefs are the finest since the Renaissance, his sculpture some of the most magnificent of all time. Unquestionably, Saint-Gau-

dens was the preeminent sculptor of his day. Now his reputation seems certain to be fortified by an exhibition to be mounted this autumn at the Metropolitan Museum of Art (which held his first major exhibition, in 1908).

Born March 1, 1848, in Dublin, Ireland, to Bernard Saint-Gaudens, an itinerant cobbler from the south of France, and his Irish wife, Mary McGuinness, of Bally Mahon, County Longford, Augustus Saint-Gaudens was the third of five boys, and the first to survive childhood. He was little more than six months old when he was brought to the United States, and he believed for years that he was a native New Yorker.

“Red-headed, whopper-jawed, and hopeful,” as he described himself, the young Saint-Gaudens hustled his father’s “French Ladies’ Boots and Shoes” to the homes of New York’s prominent families—Astors and Belmonts, Greneys and Morgans. “Unusually combative and morose,” he had constant fights with rival neighborhood gangs and got frequent lickings for such rowdiness as biting a classmate’s finger or smearing blackboard chalk all over his face. He hooked rides to work on the backs of passing sleighs, absorbing everything he saw: the brawny men in a cellar across from his home, rhythmically beating gold into leaf for gilding eagles; volunteer fire companies vying to see whose hose could throw the highest stream of water. He even noticed the broom that “decorated the triumphant engine.”

His youth was filled with what he called the “great visions and great remembrances” of his day: the pro-

cession that celebrated the laying of the Atlantic cable; the campaign carts that carried wooden fences for “Honest Abe, the Rail-Splitter”; the newly elected President, grave, tall, and dark, being driven through the streets on his way to Washington; New England volunteers singing “John Brown’s Body” as they tramped off to the Civil War (“a spectacle profoundly impressive, even to my youthful imagination”); cavalry horses tethered to the trees in Madison Square; the silent, foreboding cannons at the ends of the streets during the draft riots; and his parents in tears after Lincoln’s death. At eighteen, Saint-Gaudens stood in line outside City Hall to view the President’s body, then returned to the end of the line for another glimpse of that face. From the first, he was preoccupied by people’s heads, especially that of his earliest model, which he described as the “typical long, generous, loving Irish face” of his beautiful mother.

He had to work from the age of thirteen. After a customer admired his drawings of the workmen in his father’s shop, he was allowed to follow his artistic bent and was apprenticed to a cameo-maker. From polishing stones and running errands he graduated to carving cameos himself: so many lion’s heads that he could do them automatically. He also picked up his boss’s intense absorption, his explosive temper, and the habit of singing at his work. The boy also went to the free evening art classes at Cooper Union, returning home to draw far into the night. He moved on to study at the National Academy of Design.

Fired by his first employer

For once almost satisfied, the artist wrote of the Sherman Memorial, "I fall on my knees and adore it."

The Sherman Monument stands in New York City's Grand Army Plaza. Saint-Gaudens started it in New York in 1892 and worked on it in Paris and in Cornish, New Hampshire, before it was finally unveiled in 1903. Below is a gilded bronze reduction of the monument's Victory figure.



UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED, PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY L. THOMPSON



for leaving crumbs on the floor, Saint-Gaudens found another cameo-maker, one who also taught him to model in clay. He was a reasonably contented apprentice, except for one thing: he longed to see the Paris Exposition of 1867. His father contributed the fare by refunding money Saint-Gaudens paid his parents for room and board. Once abroad, the young artist supported himself by working for yet another cameo-maker while he settled into study at the Ecole des Beaux Arts.

When the Franco-Prussian War broke out, Saint-Gaudens's mother was alarmed, and he pacified her by leaving Paris for Rome. There he

found a ready market for his cameos among visiting wealthy Americans. He also embarked on a project dear to his heart: a statue of Hiawatha that he expected would be beloved throughout the world.

Saint-Gaudens had already begun his characteristic pattern: overestimating receipts while he worked toward some *succès d'estime* that would actually cost *him* money. Also characteristically, he found someone to bail him out, in this case a fellow American named Montgomery Gibbs, who agreed to advance the cost of casting the Hiawatha in plaster, in return for two portrait busts of his attractive young daughters. In addition, the New York governor, Edwin Morgan, who

was visiting Rome in 1874, sought out the son of his old shoemaker and commissioned the Hiawatha in marble. Still, repeated attacks of an illness called Roman fever so often delayed his work that eventually Gibbs paid the young sculptor's way back to New York for a visit with his family and the chance of finding further commissions. He traveled steerage, vowing that some day he would sail first-class.

Through considerable enterprise, Saint-Gaudens won a commission for the Adams Express Company Building in Chicago: a large, semicircular panel of a bulldog accompanied by revolvers and bowie knives to assist him in guarding a couple of safes.



The young artist got the commission for a statue of Admiral Farragut "by the skin of the teeth."

Just before Saint-Gaudens left New York again, he was asked to do *Silence*, a marble figure of one of the "great Masonic virtues," to adorn the New York City Masonic Lodge.

Soon after Saint-Gaudens returned to Rome, he met a handsome, partially deaf young woman named Augusta Homer, a sometime artist from Boston (and first cousin of the artist Winslow Homer), for whom he ultimately made the last of his cameos as an engagement ring. He had first to prove to himself that he could support her, however.

Saint-Gaudens had already spent three years in Rome. He was to stay another two. Although he had quickly created *Silence* as soon as he got back to Italy, workmen hired to cut it in marble spoiled the piece while he was off on a walking trip, and he had to start it again. While climbing the statue's scaffold, he fell and injured his back. He finally returned to New York no better off financially, leaving behind his busts and statues, which his creditors attached against his debts. Only through the intervention of a friend was he able at last to get his works out of the country.

In New York he set up a studio in dreary quarters on the

corner of Fourth Avenue and Fourteenth Street. Urged by his future in-laws to compete for a statue of Charles Sumner in Boston, he lost—and vowed never to enter a competition again, and never did. Through the Homers, too, he met the big, ebullient architect H. H. Richardson. Then working on Trinity Church in Copley Square, Boston, Richardson engaged Saint-Gaudens as an assistant to the artist in charge of the interior, John La Farge. A native New Yorker of French parentage, La Farge bolstered Saint-Gaudens's confidence by his belief in the younger man's talent. At the same time, he implanted in Saint-Gaudens his own preoccupation with the details and setting of every project.

"Promptly, more good luck followed," Saint-Gaudens reported. Tipped off by the former governor Edwin Morgan that a statue of Admiral Farragut was about to be commissioned, Saint-Gaudens asked the dean of American sculptors, J. Q. A. Ward, to put in a good word for him, unaware that Ward himself had been chosen. Ward, who really did not need the commission, admired Saint-Gaudens's work and generously recommended him for the job. The younger artist got the commission "by the skin of the teeth."

With the Farragut assignment, Saint-Gaudens could afford to marry. Two days after the wedding, he and his bride sailed for Liverpool, then set up housekeeping in Paris. In a former public ballroom that he made his studio, Saint-Gaudens went to work on the Farragut, on a tomb commissioned by Edwin Morgan, and on numerous bas-reliefs, including the first of his winsome reliefs of children.

The Saint-Gaudens apartment on the rue Herschel became a gathering place for expatriate American artists. The artist's brother Louis lived with the young couple, as did, for six months, the architect Stanford White, who had been assigned to design the base for the Farragut and who was to become one of Saint-Gaudens's closest friends. The two young men joined with White's future partner, Charles McKim, for a joyous journey through the south of France. Along the way they picked up Samuel Clemens, who soon became one of the regulars at the Saint-Gaudenses' gatherings, endlessly smoking his black cigars.

After three years in France, the sculptor and his wife returned to the United States in July of 1880. In September their son, Homer, was born in Boston at the home of Augusta Saint-Gaudens's parents, while Saint-Gaudens himself remained behind in New York, once again trying to scrape up commissions, as he was not to be paid for the Farragut until its unveiling. Through his mentor, La Farge, he was hired to design decorations for the new Vanderbilt mansion at Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue, among them caryatids for the mantel and a series of family bas-reliefs. (At an estimated sixteen to twenty thousand dollars, Saint-Gaudens's share of the project was only about twice what a Vanderbilt would expect to pay for a fancy dress costume.)

On May 26, 1881, before tens of thousands of New Yorkers, Saint-Gaudens's Far-

ragut was unveiled in Madison Square Park. One hand holding a field glass, the admiral stood at the center of the Stanford White pedestal as on the bridge of a ship, the skirt of his uniform coat lifting in the wind. Below the bronze statue, in relief, Saint-Gaudens had modeled, in the stone base, figures of "Courage" and "Loyalty," resting in a fluent sweep of waves. The crowd cheered, and the reporter from the New York *Herald* wrote that the monument at once "took its place in the very front rank of the few fine ones in the country."

Saint-Gaudens now established his young family at 22 Washington Place near Union Square in a seventh-floor walk-up where they were to live for eleven years. Through H. H. Richardson, Saint-Gaudens had been introduced, shortly after his return to America, to the Boston committee seeking an artist for a memorial to Col. Robert Gould Shaw. Shaw had died charging Fort Wagner at the head of the 54th Massachusetts, the first Northern black regiment to fight in the Civil War. In 1884 he finally got the commission, promising to complete it in two years. It was to take fourteen. He rented a large studio on Thirty-sixth Street for the Shaw, but, never satisfied, continually interrupted it to do other work, including a standing Abraham Lincoln for Lincoln Park in Chicago.

By the age of thirty-seven Saint-Gaudens had begun to realize that there was an appealing world beyond the city streets, and he began a search for a summer home. He found it in Cornish, New Hampshire, where a friend convinced him he would find "plenty of Lincoln-shaped men." There he



Saint-Gaudens's first major public commission, the Farragut Monument, is in Madison Square Park, New York City. Modeled between 1877 and 1880, it rests on a pedestal designed by Stanford White.

made sketches for the standing Lincoln and for a seated Lincoln that he was later to complete as well. Little by little a summer colony grew up around his studio in Cornish, bringing further happy distractions from his work. It included not only such artists as Maxfield Parrish but also the American novelist Winston Churchill. For his friend Stanford White, Saint-Gaudens made a bas-relief of White's fiancée, Bessie Springs Smith, as a wedding gift. A great dog lover, he did a relief of his own deerhound,

Dunrobin. He modeled his own little son, both in bronze and in marble. In 1887 he sought out Robert Louis Stevenson, whom he greatly admired, and modeled him reclining in tubercular fatigue. While Saint-Gaudens was working on Stevenson, he was also creating a bust of Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, whom Stevenson was eager to

meet. Saint-Gaudens arranged it, and, after some initial confusion when Sherman asked, "Is he one of my boys?" the writer and general were soon deep in a discussion of battle tactics.

Meantime Henry Adams commissioned Saint-Gaudens to design a bronze statue in memory of his wife, Marian Hooper Adams (known as Clover), who had committed suicide. The historian gave Saint-Gaudens only the most





As the work progressed, Colonel Shaw grew from a bas-relief almost to a statue in the round.

general instructions. "The whole meaning and feeling of the figure is in its universality and anonymity," Adams wrote. "With the understanding that there shall be no such attempt at making it intelligible to the average mind, and no hint at ownership or personal relation, I hand it over. . . ." Nevertheless the sculptor begged Adams at least to see the face of the figure in clay: ". . . the face is an instrument on which different strains can be played, and I may have struck a key in a direction quite different from your feeling in the matter." Adams refused. In the end Saint-Gaudens created an almost androgynous figure, covered in the folds of a garment with only a "stern and forbidding profile" visible, as one French critic described it. "Wholly absorbed in her reverie she is the image of Eternity and Meditation . . . and among that people of frantic energy, she tells of the nothingness into which life is at last resolved." Secretary of State John Hay called the work "St.-Gaudens' masterpiece." Adams visited the memorial time and again to hear the admiring or horrified comments

The Shaw Memorial,
1884-97, in Boston
Common, honors Col.
Robert G. Shaw and his
black regiment.



A marble version of Saint-Gaudens's relief of the children of the philanthropist Jacob Schiff. The artist's dog was included to unify the composition.

of a bewildered public. In token of Adams's "outward gruffness and inward gentleness," Hay and Saint-Gaudens dubbed him "Porcupinus Poeticus." The sculptor addressed him as "old Poeticus under a Bushelibus," and "dear old stick in the mud." Saint-Gaudens was given to using nicknames (Stanford White was "Old Hoss," or "Old Boy") and proved a warm and imaginatively generous friend. Once, when he realized that both Walt Whitman and photographer George Cox were on their uppers, he had Cox photograph the poet and Whitman sign the pictures, and the resulting sale helped both men.

Although the sculptor never learned to smoke and was only a moderate drinker, his group of New York friends eventually turned him into an ardent clubman, with memberships in the Tile, the Century, the Lambs, and the Players. He retained withal a boyishness characterized by his inordinate fondness for ice cream, a trait he shared with Charles McKim, somewhat to the embarrassment of their scotch-and-soda friend, Stanford White. Saint-Gaudens was

said to have had a tempering influence on the more rambunctious White, but at least once he succumbed to the sort of temptation for which White became famous: he had a son by one of his models, a dreamlike young woman named Davida Johnson Clark. When, years later, Augusta Saint-Gaudens learned of this, her husband wrote her a moving letter of adoration that apparently, after some estrangement, placated her. Something of a hypochondriac and always preoccupied with the ill health that frequently took her away from

Diana, in the 13-foot version, became the weathervane atop Stanford White's Madison Square Garden.



A group of reductions of the artist's *Diana* assembled in the Fogg Museum in Cambridge, Massachusetts.



The historian Henry Adams commissioned Saint-Gaudens to sculpt this memorial in honor of his wife, Clover, a suicide. Finished in 1891, it is in Washington, D.C., at Rock Creek Cemetery.

her husband on some cure, Augusta Saint-Gaudens was also an excellent cook and a thrifty and shrewd money manager who tenaciously protected her husband's interests. Through a sometimes stormy and occasionally precarious marriage, she kept the family solvent and, by her investments, ultimately made them very prosperous. It was she who made sure, after his death, that Saint-Gaudens's works were properly displayed.

Although he held the era's conventional view that women

learn faster than men but are less creative, Augustus Saint-Gaudens nurtured his women assistants with as much care as the men, and his bas-reliefs and sculptures of women, particularly the allegorical figures, rank with his best works. Among those for which Davida Clark sat was the Amor Caritas, originally planned for the Morgan tomb, which was cast in bronze and purchased by the French government. It is now in the Louvre. Davida also posed for the original

eighteen-foot *Diana*, the ethereal gilded nude that became, in a thirteen-foot version, the weathervane atop Stanford White's Madison Square Garden. (After her billowing draperies blew off, the Diana was anchored and could no longer swing with every wind.) When Madison Square Garden was torn down in 1925, *Diana* went into storage until it was given to the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Almost as soon as the thirteen-foot version was in place, Saint-Gaudens began making reductions in thirty-one- and twenty-one-inch sizes, casts of which survive in museums and private collections in New York, New Hampshire, Ohio, Indiana, and Oklahoma.

The rival to the Adams Memorial for Saint-Gaudens's finest work is the Shaw Memorial, which preoccupied him for many years. "A sculptor's work endures for so long that it is next to a crime for him to neglect to do everything that lies in his power to execute a result that will not be a disgrace," he said once, in a rare comment on his art. "There is something extraordinarily irritating when it is not ludicrous, in a bad statue."

When the parents of Gen. Robert Gould Shaw modestly demurred at Saint-Gaudens's eagerness for an equestrian statue, he settled on a bas-relief that could be completed for the fifteen thousand dollars collected for the memorial. Instead, as his interest increased, so did the piece, until the colonel on horseback grew to almost a "statue in the round," and the black soldiers took on more and more importance. Saint-Gaudens modeled their heads from life, choosing as many as forty blacks of different African heritages before settling on the sixteen in the final version. The logistics of the work

were extraordinary and, at times, even hilarious. The horse he bought as a model for the colonel's mount snorted, bucked, and reared. Some of his models were terrified by the disembodied plaster heads he had strewn about.

By the time the Shaw was finally unveiled, on Memorial Day, 1897, some of the original Boston committee members had died, those veterans of the regiment still alive were old and Saint-Gaudens was there to see them march up Beacon again to salute the flag-erected statue and to hear "on Brown's Body" played one more. "The impression those old soldiers passing every spot where they left the war so many years before, thrills me even as I write these words," he said in notes for his autobiography. A month after the unveiling, Harvard gave the sculptor an honorary degree, only one of many honors then pouring in upon him.

Still not satisfied that his work met the high standards he had been taught abroad, Saint-Gaudens went back to Paris in November of 1897, there to spend another three and a half years. When his great equestrian statue of Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman and its accompanying figure, "Victory," were exhibited at the Exposition Universelle, the French were ecstatic and in 1901 gave him the Legion of Honor. Even Saint-Gaudens himself was almost satisfied. "I have got a swelled head for the first time in my life," he wrote his son. "I have become a harmless, drooling, gibbering idiot, sitting all day long looking at the statue. Occasionally I fall on my knees and adore it."

Inevitably he made endless

changes in the Sherman. The general's cloak, alone, was modeled from countless tiny cloaks Augusta Saint-Gaudens sewed for him. It was typical of Saint-Gaudens to be preoccupied with every fold of every garment. Even after he returned to America, he set up a replica of the Sherman in his Cornish studio and sent changes back to Paris for insertion in the bronze.

Saint-Gaudens's last Paris stay was plagued by a strange melancholy that, try as he might, he could not throw off. When doctors told him he was desperately ill and needed surgery for an intestinal tumor, he returned to America in the summer of 1900 for an operation at the Massachusetts General Hospital. It prolonged his life for another seven years, but he never lived in New York again. In increasing pain, he presided over an atelier of assistants at his Cornish home. There he did two versions of the seated Lincoln for Chicago and began a Charles Stewart Parnell memorial for Dublin (the first seated Lincoln, and much of the Parnell, were destroyed when a fire demolished Saint-Gaudens's studio). At the request of President Theodore Roosevelt, the sculptor also created a new one-cent piece and ten- and twenty-dollar gold pieces.

During his Cornish years Saint-Gaudens, despite his illness, emphasized in his letters the joys rather than the sorrows of his life: in the crisp winter snow, "sun brilliant and supreme, sleighs, sleigh-bells galore, and a cheerfulness that brings back visions of the halcyon winter days of my boyhood." "Whatever caused him anger or worry or pain, he invariably attempted to make over into a jest," his son said of him later. Calling his atelier an "insane asylum" with himself the "boss luna-

tic," Saint-Gaudens entitled his own memoirs *Reminiscences of an Idiot*. He was never to finish them, dying August 3, 1907, at age fifty-nine, still at work on some figures for the Boston Public Library.

A renegade from his native Roman Catholicism, which he found too gloomy, Saint-Gaudens rediscovered his faith in one of the last two pieces of sculpture he touched with his own hands: a head of Christ to accompany his statue of the famous preacher Phillips Brooks. (Seeking, as usual, every biography he could find to describe his subject, he finally asked Henry Adams for advice as to the best source on Jesus. Adams dryly suggested the Bible.) As he worked on the Christ, it began to stand no longer for a "cult that announced bewildering self-contradictions and endless punishment of sin, but became the man of men, a teacher of peace and happiness." The final face of the Messiah also embodied the sense of mystery with which Saint-Gaudens endowed even the most vigorous and lively of his works.

Sadness, though, was never his theme. "It seems as if we are all in one open boat on the ocean, abandoned and drifting, no one knows where," Saint-Gaudens said once, "and while doing all we can to get somewhere, it is better to be cheerful than to be melancholy; the latter does not help the situation, and the former cheers up one's comrades. . . . Love and courage are the great things. . . . The thing to do is to try and do good, and any serious and earnest effort

The face of a statue, the artist said, "is an instrument on which different strains can be played."

seems to me to be, to our limited vision, a drop in the ocean of evolution to something better."

Always striving for something better, Saint-Gaudens also left behind another last work, uncompleted. It is a meticulous bas-relief of his erect and austere wife, with the family dog at her knee. Typical of Saint-Gaudens's skill, warmth, and humor, the head of the faithful hound looks remarkably like the leonine head of the sculptor himself. ■

Ruth Mehrtens Galvin, a Boston-based writer who is a senior correspondent for *Time*, participated in raising funds for the recent restoration of Saint-Gaudens's Shaw Memorial.

Jerry L. Thompson's photographs were taken for the book *Augustus Saint-Gaudens: God-like Sculptor*, by Kathryn Greenthal, which will be published by the Metropolitan Museum of Art this fall. An exhibition of Saint-Gaudens's work, underwritten by the Clevepak Corporation, will be shown at the Metropolitan from November 19, 1985, through January 26, 1986. The exhibition will travel to the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, where it will be on view from February 26 through May 11, 1986.

See
SAINT GAUDENS & THE
GILDED ERA

By LOUISE HALL THARP

DETROIT INSTITUTE OF ARTS
5200 Woodward Avenue, Detroit 2
TE 1-0360
From: Jacqueline Peck

RELEASE: Feb. 11 - 12

A bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln by the famous American sculptor Satin-Gaudens is among the most important of recent additions to the Detroit Institute of Arts collection.

This statue of the "Standing Lincoln" is of great artistic and historical significance and gives promise as well of being ^{an} outstanding favorite of gallery-goers.

The distinguished portrait of the great statesman is the gift of Mrs. Walter O. Briggs. In accepting the gift, Dr. Edgar P. Richardson, Institute Director, said, "This is probably the most famous and satisfying of all statues of Lincoln, unsurpassed even by the one in the Lincoln Memorial in Washington."

Lincoln is depicted with his head slightly bent forward, standing before a chair symbolizing the president's office and responsibilities. His attitude is that of giving audience to a delegation of people on a matter of great public concern and thinking carefully before giving his answer.

This statue is a smaller cast of the portrait commissioned of Augustus Saint-Gaudens for Lincoln Park in Chicago and executed in heroic size. It was dedicated in 1887 on a pedestal and setting designed by the famous architect Stanford White.

The official account of that dedication indicates the impact of this statue upon its viewers. The weather was bad and yet a great crowd had assembled. Lincoln's grandson, named Abraham after him, pulled the

cord to loose the huge American flag covering the statue. Cannon boomed.

But there was no applause. A deep hush fell on the crowd, and just at that moment the sun broke through to shine on the scene. Cheers came after a time, but many people who had known Lincoln shed tears, they were so moved by the characterization of the statue.

The sculptor, Saint-Gaudens, considered the Lincoln statue among his greatest works. He had seen Lincoln twice, once on the way to his inauguration, once when the president's body lay in state in New York. From these memories and also from the life mask of Lincoln made by Leonard Volk, Saint-Gaudens achieved the magnificent head for the statue.

A replica of this statue of Lincoln stands in London facing the Houses of Parliament. It was a gift to the British in 1920 from the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace in behalf of the American people.

The Detroit statue is one of several smaller casts of the Chicago work made in Saint-Gaudens studio. It was purchased originally by Henry Leland to stand either in the offices or outside the Lincoln Motor Company building in Detroit. It was bought by Mrs. Briggs from Wilfred Leland of Detroit, who had refused other offers which would have taken the statue away from Detroit.

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